Saturday Night

January 16, 1954 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

There's been such a ruckus recently about the way Communist spies have been carrying on right in our own backyard that many of us have missed noticing that somebody on our side has been doing a remarkable job of buying the services, not of petty officials, but of the very top dogs in the Soviet realm—premiers, cabinet ministers and such. Now that Lavrenti Beria, the erstwhile boss of Russia's secret police, has admitted being a British agent, it wouldn't be much of a surprise to learn, one of these days, that Mr. Malenkov himself had been on the payroll of the FBI for a while. At least, that's the impression we get from the Soviet papers.

Prices and People

A sorry confession was made a few weeks ago by Canada's Minister of Agriculture, the Right Hon. James G. Gardiner. He told the World Conference of the Food and Agriculture Organization, meeting in Rome: "I do not think there is any country in the world today which can afford to buy some of our products at the prices our farmers must charge if they are to make a living." Just a

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PREMIER T. C. DOUGLAS: A nod to initiative *(Page 4)*

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

few days earlier, Canada's Minister of National Revenue, Dr. James J. McCann, had told the House of Commons as he introduced a measure to restrict the dumping of foreign textiles in this country: "This proposed change in the law will not, however, help industries whose prices are too high."

The ministers were stating the obvious, of course: the prices of many Canadian products are no longer competitive. But it is not enough to lament this sad state of affairs and sit back hoping for an improvement. The Government can do a great deal to correct the situation by putting into action a much bolder immigration policy. More people in Canada would mean more sales of all kinds of goods, and more sales mean steadier markets and lower costs of production.

Just how the domestic market expands as a result of immigration was described the other day by John D. Sharp, a liaison officer with the Department of Immigration. The facts he gave were these: since the end of World War II nearly a million people have come to Canada, and of these about 40 per cent own their own homes, more than 40 per cent have bought household appliances like electric stoves and refrigerators, nearly as many have bought cars, and 52 per cent are living in single-family houses which, presumably, they have furnished.

It is in such fashion that the domestic market grows with every new person who comes to live in Canada—a growth that means not only more jobs but more efficient production and more shoulders to carry the burden of taxation. In brief, immigration is one way of doing something to ease the pressure of our costs on prices. At least two Cabinet Ministers have admitted that there is a price problem; now it is up to the rest of the Government to proceed more vigorously to do something about it by encouraging more people to settle in this country.

Growing Pains

AN OFFICIAL of a safety association had some harsh things to say the other day about highway bridges in Canada. Most of them are too narrow to handle the traffic that must pass over them, he said, and as a result motorists are forever coming to grief on the spans and the approaches; fine broad highways become bottlenecks at rivers, ravines and other crossings because provincial governments are slow to replace old bridges, he complained. Anyone who has done much travelling by car across the country will agree with him. The country's getting too big for its bridges.

Bonne Entente

FOR AS LONG as we can remember, people have been urging a better understanding between English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians, but few of them have expended much practical effort on bringing about this desirable condition. One person with energy and enthusiasm, however, can make up for the laziness of many, and such a person is Madeleine Fohy St. Hilaire, who comes from Quebec City and looks exactly like a casting director's idea of a chic Canadienne from Quebec City. Mme. Fohy St. Hilaire, who writes for several publications in her native province, came to Toronto a while ago to attend extension classes at the University, and in no time at all was the moving spirit behind the organization of the Alliance Canadienne. The Alliance, which came into formal being last November, is designed to encourage exchanges between English-speaking and French-speaking adults, in the same way that exchanges of students have been arranged by the Visites Interprovinciales for the past 17 years. The Alliance, incidentally, has the sponsorship of the Visites.

"I was writing for the French papers," she told us, "and I thought, 'Madeleine, you should write in English too.' But I am unable, my English is not good enough. I begin to study and now, the University. At first I was scared. These sober people in Toronto, I thought, will find me silly—but no! Everyone is kind and helpful, and so many want me to talk in French to them, because they are in groups studying the language. Then I think, why do not the adults make visits like the students? I talked to Dr. Claris Silcox—I am staying at his home in Toronto—and to the Visites Interprovinciales people, and to many others, and they all say, why not? *Voilà*, there was the Alliance Canadienne. We have so much to share, we people of the two languages—the artists, the writers, the actors, and the men in business, too. There have been two wonderful meetings of the Alliance, and we have named officers. Mr. John Stewart of the Visites is president. I have a big title, chief co-ordinator for Canada, and I hope I can manage to get out West after a while. Our fees do not pay for much—for paper and stamps and things like that—but perhaps I can find a way.

"I must go now to Quebec City, where my two sons are. André is 13 and Pierre is 10. Then we go on to Montreal until January 15, before coming back to Toronto for my study in magazine writing. Next year I will go to Carleton College to study bilingual journalism. It is necessary, you understand?"

Mme. FOHY ST. HILAIRE talks with journalist Jean Charles Harvey.

The Queen's English

IN HER TRAVELS about the Commonwealth and Empire, Queen Elizabeth must have a diverting time keeping up with local quirks in the handling of the Queen's English. In Canada, she would have to be careful with the word "homely", because it has a different connotation here than it has in England. On her recent visit to New Zealand, she may have learnt that second-hand clothing is called "left off clothing" there—a bit of intelligence we picked up some time ago after reading, in a Wellington newspaper, this classified advertisement: "Madame Jeannette has left off clothing of every description and cordially invites inspection." At the time, we were particularly charmed by the cordiality of the invitation.

A Ration of Books

CANADA'S PUBLIC libraries last year held a total of 6.8 million books, according to the Bureau of Statistics. Obviously, if every Canadian, from babe in arms to centenarian, decided to go to a public library at the same time, the ration would be something less than half a book to a person, an amount that suggests that reading matter is almost as indigestible to a considerable number of Canadians who have learnt to spell as to the pre-school set—although we once knew a mewling young savage who devoured nearly half a pound of the Collected Works of Milton with no apparent ill effect. On the other hand, it would be interesting to know how many of the books in the libraries are really worth the effort of reading; a stirring session of pinochle, for example, can be more intellectually rewarding than many of the inanities put between covers and called books.

Stupid Censorship

THE BEST that can be said for the banning of the film *Martin Luther* by Quebec censors is that it was an act of inexcusable stupidity. The censors were reported as saying they did not want to disturb "social peace" or arouse controversy by permitting the film to be shown. Perhaps they have succeeded in some of their own little parishes, but at the cost of revived bitterness and scorn elsewhere.

They believe, apparently, that social peace depends on blind eyes and closed minds, that the faith of their compatriots is so rickety that it must be shored up with prohibitions, and that the intellect of Quebec is so immature that controversy will disturb it unduly. They are wrong, of course. The Roman Catholics of Quebec do not need that sort of protection, any more than the Protestants of any other province need protection against the influence of such a film as *The Bells of St. Mary's*; the action of the censors is, in fact, a libel against the people of Quebec.

Redistribution

EVER SINCE Sir John A. Macdonald announced he was going to "hide the Grits" in the first redistribution of parliamentary seats following Confederation, the business of revising the constituencies has had a strong odor of partisan politics. The mucky flavor of the redistribution of federal seats in 1952 still persists, and will linger until either the next changes are made or an impartial commission is set up to handle the matter.

Parliament's standing committee on elections and privileges has the chance now of doing something to rid the important job of redistribution of its taint of gerrymandering. The Committee was told to look for a better method of revision, after the Commons accepted a motion by the Hon. C. G. Power that such a study be made. It is difficult to see how the Committee can recommend to Parliament any procedure which will give the party in power the biggest say in the redistribution; that has been the fault of the present system, with its open invitation to the Government party to put an electoral squeeze on formidable opponents. The only honest course is to hand the job over to an impartial body, free from political influence.

With Canada's population growing

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and shifting from year to year, there will be a need for a continuing study of parliamentary representation for a long time to come. There are fixed principles to be established, as in the matter of the balance between representation of the scattered rural population and of the crowded city dwellers. At present, urban ridings have an average of 77,000 people while rural ridings have an average of 44,000, which means that there is not, strictly speaking, a system of proportional representation in Canada. The voters in Toronto, for example, get 16 per cent less representation than the average over the Province of Ontario. And just as important is the fixing of the boundaries of constituencies; too often the boundaries have been changed merely to give one party or another the advantage of voting blocs; sometimes seats have disappeared, as did Lake Centre and Souris in 1952, and sometimes districts have been switched from one riding to another, as in the case of Charleswood, on the outskirts of Winnipeg, which in a few years has been in three different constituencies.

The Standing Committee, then, has a clear duty to recommend that the redistribution of federal seats be divorced from political expediency, and Parliament must not accept anything less.

Naming a Place

IF THERE IS an ominous note in the news that a new settlement in Newfoundland may be named Pickersgill, in honor of the Island's adopted son, the Member for Twillingate, who is also Canada's Secretary of State. There is nothing wrong with the name itself, of course; it is an excellent name for a Member of Parliament, from Twillingate or anywhere else. But it is a sorry tag for a place in Newfoundland, because up till now the Islanders have had a wonderful way with a place-name. Has Confederation dulled their imagination and robbed them of their fine taste for words? Can the people who have graced their maps with Heart's Content, Heart's Delight, Bay Bulls, Witless Bay, Annieopsquotch Mountains, Joe Batts Arm, Renews, Seldom and Gambo do no better now than Pickersgill? Heaven forbid!

Marionette Theatre

NOT LONG after man learnt the knack of carving little figures out of wood and bone, he began to work out ways of fitting them with movable joints and finally made himself a puppet. As time went by, he became pretty skilful; more than two thousand years ago, the Greeks watched puppets act out stories, a form of theatre was developed and became, particularly in the 18th Century, one of the most popular forms of entertainment. When television came along a few years ago, program-hungry producers seized happily on the loose-limbed little people and the puppets were once again well up in the theatrical hierarchy.

Probably the greatest exponent of the art of puppetry today is Professor Hermann Aicher, a middle-aged Austrian who runs the Salzburg Marionette Theatre and is the current head of a family which has handled puppets for nearly four centuries. After watching his delicately carved performers go through a faultless performance of Don Giovanni a couple of weeks ago, we went back-stage to talk with the Professor.

"My father, Anton, created most of these puppets," he said. "Now my wife, Elfriede, and our two daughters, Frick and Gretl—they're 21 and 20 and don't speak English—help me with the manipulation. Most puppets, if they are sufficiently jointed, need two people to operate them, or they wouldn't move naturally. Imagine Pavlova dancing with a jerk! Puppets have fascinated my family for centuries, but not until this century did we put them on public show instead of just using them for family entertainment. My father did not want me to enter this business; he said it was too uncertain; but I knew from the time I was a small boy that it was the life I wanted, and when I was 23 my father had to agree. Since then, we have appeared each year at the Salzburg Festival and travelled five times around the world.

"For some reason, puppets, are always more popular just after a war. Perhaps it is more of a make-believe world. But it should still be good theatre. I think that an operator should also be an actor. There is technical skill in jerking the strings, but a puppeteer should also feel the way his characters are supposed to feel. How else can he give the semblance of life to the image?"

The hundreds of dolls, dragons and other characters in the Theatre looked pretty life-like to us, and as we left we had a feeling we were being followed by all sorts of little people.

Gaby

PROF. HERMANN AICHER: An operator should be an actor.

Cabbage Heads

WHEN MOSCOW RADIO reported that Russian scientists had succeeded in getting one stalk of cabbage to produce two heads, commentators on this side of the Iron Curtain did not pass up the chance to say some pretty sharp things about cabbage heads, split personalities, two-faced productions and Russian inventions in general. What was said was witty enough, but we felt a little embarrassed by it, because what the Russian scientists have just discovered has been fairly common practice in rural Canada for many years: if the head of a cabbage is cut so that some of the outer leaves are left on the stalk, new heads will grow at the base of the old leaves if the earth that supports the stalk is in reasonably good condition.

We don't know what moral can be drawn from all this, unless it be that the Kremlin should pay more attention to the Women's Institutes in Canada.

A Decade in Office

THE HON. Thomas Clement Douglas is within a few months of completing ten full years as Premier of Saskatchewan, and there is no evidence that he will not be able to extend that term considerably if he so desires. The only real opposition to his CCF Government comes from the Liberal Party, but, as in Ontario, the Liberals have a much stronger federal than provincial organization. It is interesting that he has consolidated his position with an administration that has been earnest rather than effective; he has done this during a period when his province, despite some lush years for the grain producers, has failed to share as fully in the post-war boom as most of the rest of Canada — not enough to reverse the downward trend in the population of Saskatchewan, which dropped from 895,922 in 1941 to 831,728 in 1951.

Born at Falkirk, Scotland, in 1904, he was brought to Canada by his family six years later. He was a brilliant student at Brandon College and McMaster University, where he was a gold medallist in debating, dramatics and oratory. After post-graduate studies at Chicago University, he entered the Baptist ministry and made his first bid for public office in 1934, as a candidate of the Farmer-Labor group in the provincial election. He was beaten, but the following year he was a successful candidate in the Federal election and was re-elected in 1940. He resigned his Commons seat in May, 1944, to enter the provincial campaign and, elected in June, he was sworn in as head of the CCF Government on July 10.

The decade in office has mellowed him, at least in his public utterances, and there is less gaucherie in his administration; there seems to be less eagerness to indulge in naive but costly experiments in public ownership, and less of a tendency to regard every capitalist as a hell-bent oppressor of the poor. Indeed, shortly before Christmas, Mr. Douglas gave a public nod to private enterprise when he addressed the annual banquet of the Canadian Petroleum Association in Regina; he paid tribute to the men whose "imagination, energy and initiative" was bringing about the development of the oil industry in Saskatchewan. At the same time, he spoke on one of his favorite topics: united action by the free nations to beat Communism by eliminating poverty and misery in the world. An excellent speaker at any time, he is always at his most eloquent when urging the West to "feed the hungry, clothe the naked and lift up the fallen."

That power to transmit the fervor of his beliefs, and his unimpeachable sincerity of purpose, have had much to do with his political success. What has helped, too, is his direct interest, as Minister of Co-operation and Co-operative Development, in Saskatchewan's extensive system of co-operatives, in which most of the province's farmers have a sturdy faith.

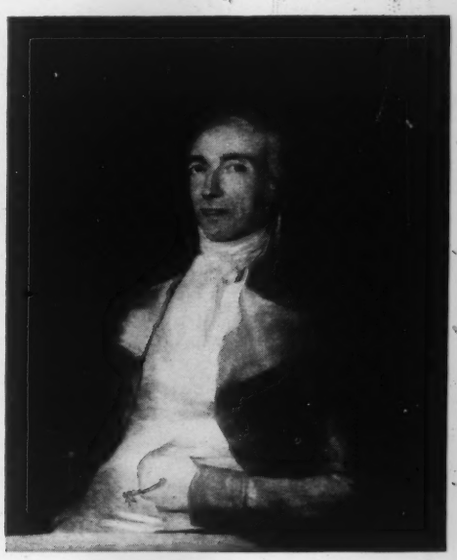
Home Economics

THE UNIVERSITY of Tulsa is feeling pretty chipper about the record of its Department of Homemaking. Out of the 105 girls who have graduated in home economics during the past five years, 103 are married and one is engaged. We suppose that this should make the campus a mecca for unmarried females, but eager young women should investigate before they rush off to Tulsa; it is possible, for instance, that the university has been taking in a particularly nubile type of co-ed, or that the males of Oklahoma are only looking for mates who can bake a decent pie. Besides, what happened to that 105th graduate? There seems to be an ominous silence about her; possibly she is no nearer matrimony than the demonstration of home appliances on TV.

Old Masters On Tour of the Galleries

An "Old Masters In Canada" exhibit is to tour Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal galleries this winter. It includes this "Portrait of a Man" painted by Frans Hals (1585?-1666) during his mature period. Hals did such canvases for wealthy burghers, but died a pauper.

Some 80 works from noted public and private collections in Canada are in the show of masters. The exhibition covers a period of 500 years. "Maria Morland" is by George Romney (1734-1802), celebrated for the scores of portraits he did of Lady Hamilton.



"Marques de Castrofuerte" is by Goya (1746-1828). In his remarkably frank portraits, Goya recorded the physical and moral degeneration of the Spanish Court that fêted him. One of the most versatile of all artists, Goya's life was one of intense work and ardent dissipation.

Every important European school is included in exhibition opening this week at the Art Gallery of Toronto. Italian, Dutch, French, Flemish, Spanish and English painters are represented. The Venetian, Tiepolo (1696-1770) painted this "Adoration of the Magi". He was the last of the great Italian traditionalists.

The face of Venice was limned by Tiepolo's great contemporary, Antonio da Canaletto (1697-1768), who was a master of precise architectural renderings. His warm and luminous tones keep his canal and palace scenes from becoming pedantic. "The Piazetta" is one of his most important canvases.

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Segregation Stern Test For U.S. Court

By MAX FREEDMAN

IN SOME WEEKS from now the U.S. Supreme Court will pass judgment on five cases which may end the Negro's compulsory segregation in American schools. Regardless of how the Court may rule ultimately, its decision is destined to be of primary importance in American jurisprudence and in the just assertion of civil liberty.

At long last the Court has before it the naked and inescapable issue of segregation. For many years the experience of the United States, especially in the South, stood in painful contrast to the principle that democracy must be color blind. Recently the status of the Negro has greatly improved. Rights long denied him, or granted sullenly under the pressure of necessity and then mocked by subtle evasions in the actual enforcement of the law, have now been established on strong foundations. In many areas of the South the progress has been encouraging and cumulative, though harsh injustices still stain the record. Yet it would be quite wrong to see the problem before the Court as a simple issue of right and wrong, with the defenders of segregation having nothing but antiquated prejudice to sustain their case, and the enemies of segregation glittering majestically in the robes of righteousness.

The problem is rooted in racial memories, in social customs that cling obstinately to many groups, in laws which one section regards as the charter of its freedom even while the Negroes denounce these same laws as the essence of injustice, in the prejudices which are the legacy of many estranging generations of suspicion and strife. The Supreme Court is now engaged on a task which will search its conscience as well as test its application of the law.

It should be understood that the recent decisions of the Supreme Court which have strengthened the Negro's rights in education have merely struck indirect, though massive, blows against segregation itself. In the past, the Court always refused judgment on whether segregation was an evil which conflicted with the American constitution and therefore should be ended. In a number of test cases it ruled that state authorities were obliged, wherever segregation existed, to provide separate but equal facilities for colored students. The financial burden cast upon these states, when it was decided to make really operative a principle of equality which had long been merely dormant, proved too onerous to be carried and so the walls of prejudice in these areas were obliterated. Sometimes the Court spoke with oblique but wounding emphasis on the evils of segregation; but the fundamental principle remained unresolved and most of the gains, in fact, were limited to universities and professional schools. Now the Court must decide the future of segregation in public schools, both elementary and high school, where the problem is inflamed most deeply by prejudice and where the meaning of the law is obscured most profoundly by conflicting interpretation.

At present, segregation is enforced in the schools of seventeen states and in Washington. The five cases before the Court concern South Carolina, Kansas, Virginia, Delaware and the Capital; but the decision will affect compulsory segregation in all parts of the country.

Apart from the legal issues involved, other considerations demand attention. Governor Talmadge has asked the legislature of Georgia to prepare a constitutional amendment abolishing the public school system in that state if the Supreme Court should decide against segregation. The amendment requires approval by two-thirds of the Legislature and also by a majority of the voters. No one doubts that the required majorities could easily be obtained. Georgia has appropriated more than one hundred million dollars for its public schools in 1953, but all this money rests on the assumption that segregation will be continued. If segregation ends, these funds will be withdrawn. South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi have also served warning that they will abolish the public school system if segregation is outlawed. Virginia has been more moderate, but in its brief it has told the court that the abrupt ending of segregation would compel its schools to close for at least a year.

Every responsible Southern leader has shunned all threats of violence, yet evidence has been cited to show that it may be impossible to prevent local trouble if segregation is ended quickly by order of the court. The central point was made in Virginia's brief when it said: "This court may tell Virginia how not to conduct its schools; it may not tell Virginia how the schools shall be run." It has been argued that the Supreme Court has no power to end segregation by judicial decision since a matter of this kind should be treated as a legislative problem and should be settled by the various legislatures and by Congress. However, if the Court in exercising its jurisdiction does give judgment against compulsory segregation, it is asked to authorize a gradual change rather than the immediate enforcement of its decree.

Wide-World

OPPOSING COUNSEL in the battle over segregation in U.S. public schools are John W. Davis (left), representing the State of South Carolina, and Attorney Thurgood Marshall representing groups trying to outlaw segregation.

These arguments of caution and delay completely fail to satisfy the opponents of segregation. They say that segregation is a libel upon democracy, that it is alien to the constitution if correctly interpreted, that it injures American interests and policies to have Negroes segregated while the United States advocates racial equality before the world, and that the Supreme Court is required by the logic of its recent judgments to enthrone civil liberty in unassailable power by removing the curse of segregation forever and as quickly as possible.

Although not directly involved, the Department of Justice has submitted a brief to the Court favoring the abolition of segregation. Southern leaders have said this policy will cost the Republican party the support it now has in the South and doom it to impotence there for long years. If the Eisenhower Administration had taken any other stand, it would have lost the support of Northern Negroes and of the large numbers of Americans, regardless of color, who are convinced that segregation, in our time, creates more problems than it solves and hence should be abolished.

THE MAIN legal problem before the Supreme Court is to decide whether the Fourteenth Amendment, when ratified in 1868 after the Civil War, required the various states to remove all traces of compulsory segregation in public schools. Defenders of the present system have a simple yet weighty argument in their favor. They point out that Congress has control over Washington as the District of Columbia and that segregation in schools has existed here from the passing of the Fourteenth Amendment to the present hour. How then can it be argued, they ask, that Congress intended this amendment to abolish segregation in the States when in the one district where its authority was absolute it deliberately established a system of segregation in education and continued to enforce it across the years? But the Fourteenth Amendment has too complicated a history, both in Congress and before the Supreme Court, to have its elusive meaning fixed with such arbitrary precision.

The case really turns on certain words in the first section of the amendment which are as hallowed as they are obscure. No State shall make or enforce any law, so runs the writ, which shall "abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

The Southern States have reminded the Court that there were 37 states when this amendment was ratified. They cite evidence to show that 23 of these States understood that the amendment would not abolish school segregation. They admit that there is no evidence, either positive or negative, on what 14 other states thought. But they insist that there is no evidence that any State actually believed that segregation would have to end because of the amendment.

On the other hand, opponents of segregation have argued that each of the eleven states that seceded from the Union ratified the amendment after the Civil War, eliminated racial distinctions from its laws, and adopted a constitution which failed to authorize segregated schools. In fact, many of these States rejected proposals for segregated schools. They claim that it was only after their readmission into the Union, and when they once again were endowed with the power of state

rights, that these States used their legislative authority to establish segregation. They also cite evidence to prove that the majority of States clearly understood that the ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment meant the extinction of compulsory segregation in public schools. The Department of Justice in its brief agrees with this reading of American history.

But the warning given in 1921 by Mr. Justice Holmes, whose authority in matters of civil liberty has unique distinction, deserves much emphasis at this time. "There is nothing that I more deprecate," he said, "than the use of the Fourteenth Amendment beyond the absolute compulsion of its words to prevent the making of social experiments that an important part of the community desires, in the insulated chambers afforded by the several states, even though the experiments may seem futile or even noxious to me and to those whose judgment I most respect."

One of the Court's decisions which has always been cited as a charter for segregation was given in 1896 when railways in Louisiana were required to provide equal but separate accommodation for white and colored races. The majority opinion in that judgment, known as the Plessy vs Ferguson case, held that it was "an underlying fallacy" to assume that "the enforced separation of the two races stamps the colored race with a badge of inferiority. If this be so, it is not by reason of anything found in the act but solely because the colored race chooses to put that construction upon it." The Court is now being asked to regard this judgment as no longer constituting a controlling precedent and to consider it instead as a nullification of the spirit and purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment.

In short, opponents of segregation really rest their case upon the doctrine of the evolving constitution. The principles of this doctrine may be compactly summarized. The meaning of the Constitution, said Mr. Justice Holmes, "does not alter" but "as changes come in social and political life, it embraces in its grasp all new conditions which are within the scope of the powers in the terms conferred." Mr. Justice Cardozo explained that "the great generalities of the Constitution have a content and significance that vary from age to age." Mr. Justice Frankfurter once said "the Constitution of the United States is not a printed finality but a dynamic process; its application to the actualities of government is not a mechanical exercise but a function of statecraft."

In that illuminating phrase, Mr. Justice Frankfurter has defined the problem which now confronts the Court. Once again, as in rare and dominating moments in American history, the Court must ponder not merely the wisdom of precedent but it must also exercise the functions of statecraft. It must weigh the conflicting claims of personal liberty and state rights, together with the disputed authority of existing law as it is judged by new social needs and arraigned before new moral standards.

The counsel for South Carolina was John W. Davis, the leader of the American bar. In 1924 he was chosen, on the 103rd ballot, as the Democratic candidate for President after Franklin D. Roosevelt's unforgettable nominating speech for Al Smith as the "Happy Warrior" had gone for nothing. Against him was arrayed a formidable band of Negro counsel of whom the foremost was Thurgood Marshall, the descendant of slaves and by any test one of the supreme orators of the English-speaking world. The Court listened in deferential silence as Mr. Davis made his points, but it compelled Mr. Marshall to answer a running fire of questions. Mr. Davis could appeal to many principles and precedents; Mr. Marshall had to persuade the Court to break fresh ground.

One of the disappointments of the case was the presentation made by Mr. Rankin for the Department of Justice. The Department's clouded and cautious brief had excited some derisive comment from the Court and Mr. Rankin's argument failed to win much agreement. Finally, in response to questions from Mr. Justice Douglas, he cast aside his restraint and said without qualification that the Department of Justice believed that the Fourteenth Amendment forbade compulsory segregation in the public schools. Thus, with a curious lack of moral courage, the Department found itself, almost reluctantly, compelled to assume the same position which it took up without hesitation in the last days of the Truman presidency when this case first came before the Supreme Court.

In the closing moments of his appeal, Mr. Davis warned the Negroes against making too many claims for absolute equality lest they should endanger the gains they had already won. He asked them to remember that the best can be the enemy of the good. A Negro reporter murmured: "If he thinks what we have today is good, then he is a pretty bad witness."

Mr. Marshall said that compulsory segregation could be defended only if one dared to assert that Negroes belonged to an inferior race with whom it was a disgrace to associate on terms of equality. He believed that the Court was obliged to go beyond its recent decisions, in favor of separate but equal facilities, and to rule that segregation was an evil which affronted the American Constitution. The wrongs and martyrdom of an afflicted race spoke through the cadences of sorrow and the impassioned beat of eloquent logic with which he laid his case before the highest tribunal of American law.

It will be with an agony of conscience that the members of the Supreme Court finally adjudicate this issue.

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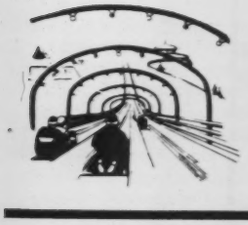

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Current Account

Hello, Out There!

THE OTHER DAY while rummaging through the contents of my desk in search of a pornographic poem titled "Lucy and the Landlord," I discovered, hidden away between a biography of Guillaume-François Rouelle (1703-70) and *Stereochemistry: Its Basis and Application to Inorganic Compounds*, a work of literary and graphic art called, teasingly, "Characteristics of the Reader." Upon further investigation, this turned out to be a report on the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, based on the findings of a survey carried out by Gruneau Research Ltd., last September.

I stifled an involuntary cry of triumph at my discovery, well aware of the blow to the reputations of archaeologists Smith-Woodward, Elliot-Smith and the single-barrelled Sir Arthur Keith when it was found they had been taken in by the jawbone of an ape planted alongside the fossilized cranium of the Piltdown Man. I cautioned myself that an anthropological find such as this one needed careful study before being brought to the attention of the public, for although a dissection of *homo sapiens saturdaynitis* might prove of immeasurable value to the advertising fraternity, was the man in the street psychologically ready for such a disclosure? Brushing the crumbs of self-doubt from my Cretan-Mycenaean whiskers, and destroying once and for all my chances of enshrinement in the Canadian Hall of Fame, I decided to tell all.

On page one of this estimable *livret* is a photograph of a middle-aged gentleman reading a copy of this magazine through a pair of horn-rimmed cheaters. If he is representative of the average SATURDAY NIGHT reader, I'll have to rearrange *my* mental image of the person I have been writing to over the past year. Until the moment I laid my post-Christmas eyes upon him, I had always thought of him as a combination of three people: a male college professor in a prairie university, with a loose upper plate and hair parted low down on his head to hide his bald spot; a housewife in Stanstead, Quebec, who acts as convener for the local chapter of the IODE, and who keeps a bird-bath in her yard for her little feathered friends; and a rather seedy old scamp in Sault Ste. Marie who won an Irish Sweepstake prize in 1938, and uses SATURDAY NIGHT as a public cover for his regular issues of the *Police Gazette*. How wrong could I get?

According to the booklet, our average reader is married with two children, and a better-than-average income; he owns a house and a car, and is a guy who beats up his wife hardly at all. He entertains twice a month, goes to concerts, opera and the ballet, uses Sta-Comb, and eats his Hot Ralston every morning without fail.

Under the heading, "The Family Unit," we learn that 76 per cent of the readers are married, while 24 per cent are not, which is an eyebrow-raising statistic if we've ever seen one. The average reader has 0.74 offspring under fifteen years and 2.33 children over twenty, which may only go to prove that he fathered a two-headed child in his younger days, and a little over half a child later on.

Judging by the photographs that accompany the facts in the booklet, the average reader of this magazine is twice as good looking as any of the editors on the staff, has a family which could make the cover of *Parents Magazine*, and lives in the type of joint that exists mainly in the fertile brains of the people who build the interior sets for the picture layouts in *House Beautiful*, or the working class apartments in an MGM epic.

To get serious for a minute. Perhaps the *House Beautiful* reference is not as smart alec as I had intended, for on reading further through this rather enervating (for me) booklet I find that you, the average reader, own an $18,100 home. You also earn $8,010 a year, 64 per cent of you

own a car (and some of you capitalists own two), and over half of you travelled outside the country last year. All I can add to that is the old bromide: "I wonder what the poor people are doing?" and then go out and cut my throat for being a failure.

Apparently 52 per cent of you are connected with industry, commerce and finance, over 22 per cent are in professional services, 14 per cent are living on income, 6.5 per cent are working for the government or the community, and (this one fractures me!) 4.8 per cent don't know what they're doing, or at least didn't tell.

Okay, you 4.8 percenters, what *are* the sources of your income? Or let me guess. Two of you work in Chinese laundries, shrinking shirts; at least one (a siren named Maude in Esquimalt, BC) is married to three petty officers serving on different Navy destroyers; one of you manufactures wooden nutmegs in a basement workshop in Portage La Prairie; and another one, I feel sure, is the guy I once met in a beer parlor who could sing *Annie Laurie* backwards.

The male readers engaged in industry, commerce and finance are further divided into "directors, presidents, owners and partners, 30 per cent"; "managers, accountants and superintendents, 25.3 per cent"; "engineers, architects and plant foremen, 22.9 per cent"; and so on down to the Joes like me at the bottom.

There are some other fine statistics showing the breakdowns in the professions, and I find to my dismay that those grammatical detectives, the teachers, lead with 34 per cent, which explains the letters I receive warning me to go back to my old punch press at the Massey-Harris Co. before it's too late.

Doctors are well represented with 21 per cent of the total, lawyers and clergymen with 16 and 8 per cent respectively, and then there is a remaining group of 21 per cent labelled, slyly, "other professions." These 21 per cent are actually the copies of the magazine that lie on end tables in waiting rooms. These waiting rooms may include the one on the old Thousand Islands Railway and some that are never discussed in intellectual magazines such as this, but if Gruneau Research doesn't tell us which ones they are, I will. According to a personal survey carried out at considerable pain and expense (not allowable by the vice-president in charge of the Privy Purse around here) I have discovered that SATURDAY NIGHT has replaced *National Geographic* in dental waiting rooms. Instead of having bosomy Africans and the Temple Dancers of Bali to dull the waiting-for-the-drill feeling of impending doom, the dental martyrs are now ready and able to slug the dentist the first time his drill bores into their optic nerve, thanks to the education, entertainment and enlightenment they have received from back copies of SATURDAY NIGHT.

The age group figures show that almost all our readers are over thirty, but the educational ones are a little shifty, showing that nearly fifty per cent of you have had university or college training. They may be correct, but do they include Oscar Demondic, who was kicked out of Dalhousie University after twenty-four hours for throwing beer bottles at pedestrians from his boarding-house room on Haljfax's Spring Garden Road? Or Elmo Liturgy, who was removed from the student body of the Moler Barber College in Toronto for trying to give a Buster Brown haircut to a bald-headed veteran of the Fenian Raids back in 1927? Come clean, fellows.

I was doing fine with this thing, ready to wish one and all a rather belated but hearty Happy New Year when I discovered a terrible fact—nobody reads my stuff at all! All the departments were listed, with the percentages of their faithful followers: Front Page, Business, Books, Foreign Affairs, Politics, Letters, Lighter Side, Ottawa Letter, Films, London Letter, Crossword Puzzle, Sports, Music and Women, but as for me, no readers at all, not even the old scamp in Sault Ste. Marie.

At first I was going to call up the Publicity Department and give them the unatrophied part of my mind for such an omission, but I resurrected an old truism from my truism-and-bromide drawer and decided that discretion was the better part of valor. After all, what the boss doesn't know won't hurt him.

HUGH GARNER

Sequel to Browning's "Last Duchess"

There he stands now, my lord, done in the best bronze:
I'd have no other; stands, for all his marbles
Stowed in the scullery. A four-months I worried
Blind Ambrogio for that likeness, just that look,
As though he were to say, "You know your master!"

Was it the middle of winter I first saw him?
Firm, like those stiff dolls on a wire at a fair,
Or sparrows marking the snow—alert and smiling;
Not that smile, another, a twist at the edge
As though a love-jest was to drop. The gesture
Won me; a usurer's promise. Then these walls closed;
They've said, "a rose shut in a black volume—"
Or "one of your saints,"—the barred barbarous script
Grilling me about the sides with its cursed *Amen*.

Silence. He'd a way with him, of holding no parley
With complainers; as when he'd rough-spoke peasants
Scored in the tongue for saying once too often
He claimed some service. O, not unkindly!
Let them walk tongueless in his grounds after
At petty wages! I have known such silence
You'd think no sea could be so great and empty.

But he, even that night, was gay, and pleasant;
As was his habit, mounting the staircase, bid me
Stand again before his relict, the late dead duchess
Who smiles now in our daylight—I've bit lip
To the sweet blood looking on her—but not then!
For then I turned smiling, as she would smile.
He pulled the curtain, and I stood waiting
In the still air for the good drop to rise
To his heart and work. Oh, his look;
His look had no triumph. I have kept that look
Where only I can draw the curtain. Here
Let him stand for master, I would have him so,
Where he may see his duchess rule Ferrara,
And post to Trier, seals for the Emperor's self! . . .

LOUIS DUDEK

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Lighter Side

Amateur Act

WHEN I DROPPED IN for tea with Miss A., Rudyard the parrot greeted me with Good King Wenceslaus.

"Isn't he a little late?" I asked.

"Just pay no attention," Miss A. said, and handed me tea. "I'm so glad you came in. I wanted to talk to you about the teachers' threatened strike."

"Pure and crisp and even," Rudyard continued, "and chock-full of vital energy."

"What's the matter with him?" I asked.

"I'm afraid it's my fault," Miss A. said nervously. "You know I never listen to the radio except for good music and United Nations reports and things of that sort. But I had to be out so much during the Christmas rush that I left the radio running just to keep him company—"

"Oh, come, all ye faithful," Rudyard chanted, "and if you drink don't drive."

"I've tried putting him in the broom cupboard," Miss A. said, "and he just sits there yelling 'Who will marry Helen Trent?' "

"It isn't his fault," I said. "You should have put the radio in the broom cupboard."

Rudyard edged over to his cuttlefish bone and began sharpening his beak. "Um-um, that clean fresh sparkly taste," he said when he had finished. Then he tucked his head under a wing and went to sleep. Miss A. relaxed. "Now, about the threatened strike of the Toronto Secondary School Teachers," she said. "I'm sure you will agree with me that it is a perfectly outrageous suggestion, and that the teachers can't possibly expect to do themselves any good by it."

"If they didn't expect to do themselves any good by it, they wouldn't strike," I said.

"It will be interesting to see what the Board of Trustees will do," Miss A. said grimly.

"It will be interesting to see what the teachers will do," I said.

Rudyard woke and slowly flapped his wings. "Just send in your best guess along with one of our boxtops," he said.

"Ignore him," Miss A. said, and turned her back. "The least we can ask of our teachers," she went on, "is that they keep themselves clean from the muddy contamination of politics and try to conduct themselves as a responsible body."

"*Twinkle*-clean," Rudyard said, chuckling hoarsely, "and free from troublesome body odors."

"In any case," Miss A. went on doggedly, "I am happy to see that in the event of a strike the qualified Public School teachers have agreed to substitute in the Secondary schools."

"It might lead to a Teachers' War," I said. "Teachers picketing to keep pupils and other teachers out of the plant, teachers emptying each other's brief-cases and overturning each other's cars . . . What do you think, Rudyard?"

Rudyard eyed me inscrutably a moment, then croaked briskly, "Avoid substitutes. Get the only original genuine sunny-day product from your nearest grocer."

"You needn't encourage him," Miss A. said indignantly.

"You go to you-know-where," Rudyard said crossly, and added after a moment's reflection, "For a long, cool *satisfying* smoke."

Miss A. rose, wavered a moment, then sat down again. We were silent for a little while. Rudyard, offering no further comment, swung on his perch and presently went back to sleep.

"In any case," Miss A. said after a moment, "I definitely intend to take action. I shall write to the papers and possibly form a committee to protest against this outrageous violation of public rights. After all we are the ones who pay the teachers' salaries." She paused. "What are *you* going to do?" she asked.

"No action," I said.

Rudyard stirred and woke. Then he climbed to the bottom of the cage and stood in a fine public posture, one claw grasping a bar. "Why not discover this wonderful new *foamy* action for yourself?" he asked.

I said rather desperately, "As I see it, it's a question of bargaining rights, not of any cash settlement."

"Why pay cash?" Rudyard asked.

"Oh, shut *up*," Miss A. cried, furious. Rudyard rose then and chanted in a fierce crescendo, "Why pay cash? Why drive that old car? Why use a corn broom? Why endanger baby's tender skin? Why did Dolores lie to Inspector Mosson?"

"You see it's impossible to carry on an intelligent conversation," Miss A. said despairingly, and I rose to go.

"Anyway I hope you have a Happy New Year," I said. Rudyard eyed me evilly. "Happy New Year, Rudyard," I said.

"Mixo," Rudyard sneered, "the greatest household discovery since Hark the Herald Angels Sing."

Miss A. telephoned a day or two later to say that Rudyard was recovering and seemed to be almost his old self again. "How did you do it?" I asked.

"Put the radio in the broom cupboard and took him off his vitamins," Miss A. reported. "I figured that's how radio people get that way, by swallowing their own product."

MARY LOWREY ROSS

Ottawa Letter

Trade and the Big Four Conference

THE MOVES now being made upon the international political chessboard may have important consequences for Canada. Our Government has doubtless been informed by Britain about the ideas and policies which will govern the course of the British representatives at the approaching four-power conference in Berlin, but under the present arrangement of the British Commonwealth, whereby each unit moves independently in matters of foreign policy, we cannot hope to have any effective voice in the decisions reached at this meeting.

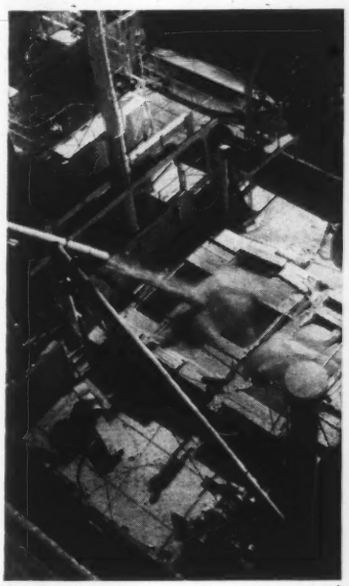
It is quite obvious that the great majority of the British people now accepts the view of Sir Winston Churchill that, since the death of Stalin, there has been a change in the political climate at Moscow and that there is now a possibility of working out a *modus vivendi* between the Communist bloc of states and the western democracies. It is a great personal triumph for Sir Winston that he has been able to overcome the reluctance of the Government of the United States to explore this possibility. The British are just as anxious as other nations to achieve an easing of the present international tension, but they are interested to a degree that the Americans are not in the prospect that a reasonable political settlement will open the door for the establishment of profitable trading relations on a substantial scale with the countries east of the Iron Curtain.

Evidence has been accumulating that Russia's Government now desires to end its country's economic isolation and to stimulate trade with foreign countries. With this object in view it has recently concluded trade agreements with India, Pakistan, Egypt, Burma, Ceylon, Indo-China and some other countries.

This change of trade policy has been carefully and hopefully noted in Britain and for its encouragement a very significant move has just been made by the Federation of British Industries, the British counterpart of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. Few of its members can have any love for either Communism or Socialism, but its executive has issued a manifesto which pronounces emphatically against the idea that there is anything wrong or unpatriotic in trading with the Communist bloc of nations and urges its members to start a vigorous drive for increasing British trade with them. Moreover, this projected campaign has been given the official blessing of the British Board of Trade and editorial commendation by a strongly Conservative paper like the *Daily Mail*.

The gesture has almost certainly been hastened by apprehensions aroused by indications of a business recession in the United States. The British foresee that any serious slump in the United States will strengthen the hands of the Republican protectionists, who have been working like beavers for higher barriers against imports, and will wash out hopes of a freer American trade policy. Even if American tariffs are not increased, British exports to the United States will be seriously reduced by a curtailment of purchasing power. They also know that Canada's economic fortunes will suffer from a slump in the United States.

Even before this menace of an American recession loomed up, Britain's economic position, after two years of marked improvement under the Churchill Ministry, had been encountering a setback, largely as the result of an ominous shrinkage in her export trade. The British, therefore, are desperate to secure fresh export markets and they see the best chance of gaining



CNR

COMPETITION from Soviet wheat?

them in Russia and in the countries which move in her orbit. One reason for this conviction is the mounting volume of evidence that Russia has now embarked upon policies designed to give the mass of her people the prosperity and level of well-being which the country's vast natural resources ought to make possible.

Some time ago, in an article in the *New Statesman and Nation*, Thomas Balogh, a reputable British economist, gave an interesting account, buttressed with statistical data, about the remarkable upsurge of Russia's economic activities in recent years. After making allowance for an element of roseate exaggeration in Russian official reports, he estimated that the current increase in Russia's per capita volume of physical production was between 6 and 8 per cent a year and might even be 8 or 9 per cent, and that the rate of increase in manufacturing output was even higher. He calculated that Russia's per capita output of production today exceeded that of Italy, would catch up with France's in 1954 and would overtake Britain's between 1960 and 1962. It is still far below the levels of the United States and Canada, but its rate of increase in 1953 was probably greater.

Last April, the Soviet Council of Ministers began to decree sweeping cuts in prices of consumer goods. It was estimated that the largest of these cuts alone raised living standards between 10 and 15 per cent. Special attention is being devoted to increasing the production of foodstuffs through baits offered to the peasants. Luxury goods are appearing in the stores in considerable quantities.

Mr. Balogh claimed that Russian standards are already higher than Italian, and Malenkov has intimated that further measures for their improvement will soon come to fruition. But to achieve a permanent marked improvement in standards of living, Russia needs large supplies of machinery and other productive equipment and there are few types of luxury goods which her factories are at present able to produce.

Russia is so hostile to the policies of Dr. Adenauer's Government in West Germany that its Government will want to place as few orders as possible with West German factories. For the same reason, it will be averse to buying from the United States or from Japan, which it regards as an American satellite. So it would be natural for Russia to turn to Britain for supplies of machinery and other goods. Such trade obviously cannot be a one-way traffic and the Russians and their allies will expect to meet at least a substantial part of their obligations for imports from Britain by their own exports.

The chief commodities which Russia will have available for export are grain, lumber, canned salmon, flax and certain kinds of minerals, and it is quite on the cards that in at least the three first-named commodities she may soon become a formidable competitor of Canada in the British market. Moreover, in such competition she will enjoy natural advantages in her closer proximity to Britain and her willingness to exchange sterling for roubles. A recent announcement that Australia has made a contract for large shipments of canned salmon from Russia shows how the trade winds are blowing against us; an improvement in Australia's dollar position could have resulted in orders for British Columbia's salmon.

Accordingly, if the conference at Berlin leads to a settlement of the chief controversial problems of Europe and Asia, there may well be developments in the field of trade which will aggravate the shrinkage of our export trade visible in 1953. It is not an agreeable prospect, as it will increase our dependence on the American market. It is true that the growth of our population has increased the domestic consumption of many products, but 30 per cent of our productive capacity is still geared to produce for export.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

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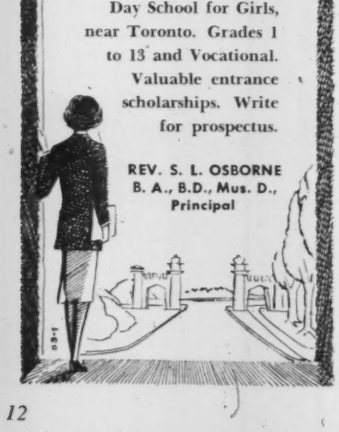


Foreign Affairs

Towards a "Korean" Settlement in Indo-China

IN THE RECENT Communist drive across the "waist" of Indo-China to the border of Siam was played up out of all proportion as a military success. It didn't "cut the country in two." Communist forces and guerrillas have been sitting astride the main north-south railway for years, and the strong French-Vietnam forces in the Red River valley to the north have been linked with Saigon, and have received their supplies by sea.

There is, however, no denying the political and propaganda success which the latest Communist move has achieved, at very small cost. The effect in France and in the capitals of France's Western allies has been to discourage any lingering belief in ultimate military victory, and to advance the idea of a negotiated settlement. This was almost certainly the enemy's intention; it is particularly to be noted that he is trying to give the geographical region of the latest push, the 16th Parallel, the same significance which the 38th Parallel has attained in Korea, as a line of division.

If Indo-China were to be divided, this is perhaps the most likely place. But militarily the situation is no way analogous to that in Korea. There the war started exactly on the 38th Parallel and was fluctuating back and forth across this line when it was called off. In Indo-China much the strongest French-Vietnam military position is well to the north of the 16th Parallel, around Hanoi; and there are Communist guerrilla pockets as far south as the 10th Parallel. All that could be said on military lines in favor of division would be that at present the Communists have no more chance of conquering the south than the French and Vietnam nationalists have of reconquering the north.

So it is reported from Paris that a division of the country at the 16th Parallel—as the best that can be hoped from negotiations—is being "widely discussed." It was evident to any recent visitor to France that the French people feel that the Indo-China War is a burden which they simply must drop at the earliest feasible moment. There is hardly a question, any more, as to *whether* it should be dropped, but only of *when* and *how*.

Ever since the armistice was negotiated in Korea last summer the French have been saying among themselves, "If it is all right for the Americans to negotiate, why not for us?" It was plain by the time I left France that if their allies—who kept on adjuring them to hold this vital sector of the front, protecting the whole of South-East Asia—didn't offer soon to make common cause with them by sending troops to Indo-China, the French would seek to negotiate a settlement with Ho Chi Minh and his backers in Peking.

The sending of fresh reinforcements from France to Indo-China in no way contradicts this attitude. The reinforcements were wrung from a home government increasingly anxious over the need to balance Germany's rising power in Europe by General Navarre's plea that only by increasing French power temporarily in Indo-China could a reasonable settlement be secured. To back up Navarre and his plan for going over on to the offensive, the Americans have provided large amounts of money and equipment. The American hope was, and is, that in the time to be gained, the 108 projected native Vietnam battalions can be raised, trained and equipped, like the South Korean forces, to protect their independence.

Thus at the moment French and Vietnam strength in the field is higher than ever before, while the determination of the French people at home to see the thing through to a satisfactory conclusion is running out like sand in an hour glass. Seen from Paris, an end to this drain is absolutely necessary, to preserve France's strength for the necessary reform of her home affairs and allow her to balance Germany inside or outside of a united Europe. All hope of ever gaining anything for France out of the war in Indo-China has long since vanished; and confidence that an independent Indo-China would even remain within the French Union was severely jolted by the declaration of the Vietnam National Congress of last November.

SEEN from Washington, any hasty settlement of the Indo-China conflict and subsequent French withdrawal of troops would seriously breach the free world front in Asia and upset the new containment policy of Eisenhower and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. This policy is based on the disengagement of American troops from the Asian mainland, made possible by the equipment of native anti-Communist forces; emphasis on naval, air and atomic power and the threat of broad sanctions to maintain such negotiated settlements as that in Korea and the one that looms in Indo-China; and in general more mobility and flexibility. It was in the interests of the latter that Eisenhower ordered two U.S. divisions out of Korea.

It would run against the policy of mobility if these forces were to be recommitted immediately to the Asian continent in Indo-China. Politically, this would also be very difficult to carry out. But the real trouble about such Western intervention on France's side in Indo-China is that it would almost certainly bring large Chinese forces in on the other side, and it would feed the enemy's propaganda about the colonial powers uniting to hold Asians in subjection.

The only interventionist forces which could effectively give the lie to this propaganda would be Indian forces. But Nehru has never concealed his opposition to the Bao-Dai Government as a French "puppet"; there isn't the slightest chance that he would do anything to prop it up, or indeed, to support U.S. policy in Asia. For this is based on arming and supporting Syngman Rhee, the Japanese, Magsaysay in the Philippines, Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa, the Vietnamese Nationalists, and the Pakistani. Nehru scorns or opposes all of these.

Miller

HO CHI MINH: Little heard from for several years, he has made two proposals for negotiation in recent weeks.

Morally, politically or strategically, the basis for a broad UN or anti-Communist intervention in Indo-China does not appear to exist. Since the French cannot carry on any longer by themselves, the only alternative is negotiation. And Ho Chi Minh, the Vietminh guerrilla leader who was educated in Paris and Moscow in the twenties, has come forward twice lately with "offers" to negotiate.

He calls for direct conversations between the French and Vietminh "Peoples Republic". By completely ignoring the existence of the national governments of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia, which are officially recognized by France and many other countries, Ho has raised fresh fears among these never-too-confident politicians.

That his moves are coordinated with the policy of his Communist masters we may be sure. Who his masters are has often been a harder question to answer. Some experts hold that Peking has paramount influence over the activities of Asian Communist revolutionaries. But on the other hand, it did seem that Ho's sudden invasion of Laos last spring, just as Malenkov was getting his policy of "relaxation of tension" under way, was reversed on Moscow's order. And Ho's offer to negotiate with France, made through a Swedish newspaper in late November, was perfectly coordinated with Malenkov's acceptance of a Four-Power Conference, to influence the French decision on a European Army. The advantage to Malenkov, Mao and Ho of a policy of whipsawing the French in Asia and Europe simultaneously is so obvious that we must assume that this is what the Communist leaders are doing.

WILLSON WOODSIDE

Books

Manners Makyth Man

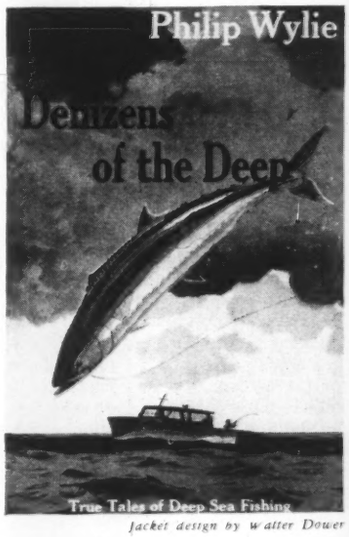
NOBODY IS BORN with good manners—indeed the manners of the newly-born are marked by an intolerable Bohemianism—and we all have to learn how to behave ourselves. We receive a certain amount of training from our parents and teachers, but they are so high above us in our tender years that training is rarely of much use when we have grown up; parents and teachers should be polite to children, as they demand that children should be polite to them, but there are reasons—some of them good—why they are not always so; and as much of good manners consists of proper behavior between people of fairly equal age, we have to learn good manners during our earliest adult years, or as soon after that time as we can manage it. And where should we learn good manners? From etiquette books, of course.

Do not shout, Gentle Reader. Do not fling this paper upon the ground and declare that you will be eternally damned before you will be told what you should do and what you should not do by a book of etiquette. I know how you feel, and I sympathize with you. There is something peculiarly ignominious about learning good behavior from a book. We all cherish a notion that we have pretty good manners just as we are, and that further improvement would rob us of some of our individuality and charm. I have seen this universal belief at work in many sets of circumstances, and I have never met anyone, polished or uncouth, who did not bristle if the suggestion were made that he could improve his manners. But let us be reasonable.

A lot of what is written about etiquette is nonsense. But it is better to be acquainted with this nonsense, and to knowingly reject it, than to remain ignorant of it, and to lack the protective armor which knowledge brings. It is one thing to be rude, knowing that you are being rude: it is quite another thing to be rude because you know no better. Fully aware that these are the Devil's counsels, and that I am gnawing at your individuality, I urge you to take a peep into a book of etiquette now and again. Of course you do not need to do so, but it is fun to see what the foolish world of fashion thinks necessary.

Three books on etiquette lie before me as I write. One is a fat book called *Esquire Etiquette,* prepared by the editors of *Esquire* magazine; it is a first-rate book, pleasant to read and marked by an unusual degree of common sense. The second is *Mind Your Manners,* by Claire Wallace; it is called a Complete Dictionary of Etiquette for Canadians, and it takes account of the ways in which usage here differs from that of our American friends. This is a cheap, useful book, arranged like a dictionary and surprisingly complete when its small bulk is considered. The third book is called, simply, *Don't* and in spite of its monotonous and negative tone it is full of excellent advice, less in matters of etiquette than in niceties of behavior. If you don't think niceties important, go right on calling your friend's wife "his Good Lady"; go on saying to your hostess that you won't have any of her salad because garlic always "repeats on you"; these things give you individuality, though you must excuse me from specifying what sort.

What is etiquette, anyhow? It is simply a way of living pleasantly with other people; it does not imply insincerity because it involves occa-



Jacket design by Walter Dower

sional social lies; it does not crop the locks of Samson because it restrains him from loud and boisterous behavior. Nor is it necessary for anybody to obey all the rules; to govern one's conduct entirely by the strictest rules of etiquette is like living in a house which has been entirely furnished by an interior decorator. As I read the three books which are under review here, I found myself in disagreement with them on several matters, and I do not think I shall change my ways, though I think that the writers are entirely correct in what they say; but they are not right for me. Everyone must make his own private list of ways in which he will flout the code of correctness; but it is important that the list should not be too long.

It is in matters of dress that the etiquette books most often arouse my resentment. I do not like to be told that I should leave the bottom button of my waistcoat undone; nor do I see why I should not button up all the buttons of my coat, simply because somebody says that the bottom, or middle, button only should be fastened. I freely admit that I am a mossback, but my whole nature revolts against brown shoes with dark suits; others may wear them, and I will not object, but if I do so my feet become as big as Grock's, and I imagine that everybody is sniggering at me. Nor can I reconcile myself to initialled tie-clips, though the editors of *Esquire* seem to think that such baubles are all right. What is more, if I had a set of dress studs with huge rubies in them, I should wear them, even though the entire staff of *Esquire* glared its disapproval. In anything so essentially idiotic, unaesthetic and unimaginative as modern men's clothing these fine points are trivial, of course, and people who worry about them are probably more concerned about public opinion than I am; if you are a junior executive, panting to advance into the vice-president class in the huge pickle cartel for which you work, it is important that every detail of your dress should impress Mr. Big with your utter correctitude; if you are a wretched bum of a book reviewer, living from hand to mouth and conscious that two-thirds of the population thinks you are crazy anyhow, you can wear pretty much what you like, and if all the buttons on your waistcoat are undone, or fastened on with bindertwine, it will cause no stir.

IT IS interesting to observe that the emancipation of women, and the passionate protests of such writers as Simone de Beauvoir against the "otherness" which has been imposed upon women by men, has not made much difference to etiquette as it is defined in these books. The assumption in all social relationships between men and women is apparently that the woman is a fragile creature whose every wish must be obeyed, and who is utterly ignorant of the existence of such ugly stuff as money. I was astonished to read in the *Esquire* book that it is still considered necessary for a man to remove his hat, and stand bareheaded, whenever he is talking to a woman, whatever the weather may be; Miss Wallace more humanely suggests that he put it on again if it is cold or raining. I thought that this hat-drill was a Continental custom, now in disuse, but apparently it still flourishes in New York. Miss Wallace also offers the excellent advice to women that they should be gracious about receiving compliments; many women are remiss in this respect either because compliments embarrass them, or because they wish to show a sturdy indifference to gallantry; but there is nothing so daunting to a man as to have a pleasant remark rejected as if it were an indecent suggestion. Miss Wallace is also firm about the duties of women in shaking hands, and I hope that her sex will heed her words; a great many women seem to be unaware that the responsibility in this sort of greeting lies with them. Neither *Esquire* nor Miss Wallace says anything about bowing, yet it has been my observation that when men are introduced to women, most of them make a bow of some sort, and that if there is no handshake and no bow, the greeting is a somewhat bleak one.

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ners and etiquette in Canada is high, as it tends to be in countries where there is a high standard of living. Gross discourtesy is uncommon, and a great deal of kindness and helpfulness is to be met with almost everywhere. As a nation we lack the ceremonial sense, and we shrink from whatever might look like ostentation. Nevertheless there are occasions in most people's lives—weddings provide one example—when a certain degree of ostentation is inevitable, and it is well to be able to carry it off with style, as well as good-nature and kindliness. Etiquette books of the better sort can guide our steps.

Incidentally, none of these writers on elegant conduct writes a particularly elegant or well-mannered prose, and the *Esquire* writers are frequently uncouth.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

ESQUIRE ETIQUETTE — by the editors of Esquire magazine—pp. 441 and index—*Longmans, Green—$6.00.*

MIND YOUR MANNERS—by Claire Wallace —pp. 222—*Harlequin—50 cents.*

DON'T! A Manual of Mistakes—by "Censor" —pp. 64—*British Books—50 cents.*

In Brief

REBELS RIDE AT NIGHT—a book for boys, ages 12 up—by John F. Hayes—illustrated by Fred J. Finley—pp. 284—*Copp Clark—* $3.00.

The most enjoyable means yet devised to tell young people the story of the 1837 rebellion in Canada is this latest of John F. Hayes's books. A young farm boy who has come to Toronto to work in a wharfside warehouse saves the son of a Family Compact official from drowning, giving him friends in that powerful group. He is also friendly with William Lyon Mackenzie, who helped him fight a threatened seizure of the family farm for tax arrears. Readers thus have a stool in each corner of the ring when the fighting starts. In addition to his clear portrayal of the forces behind the rebellion, Mr. Hayes writes with vigor and authority of the rough and tumble Toronto of the time.

OAKVILLE AND THE SIXTEEN, The History of an Ontario Port—by Hazel C. Mathews—pp. 521, including 63 pages of appendices, source notes and index; line drawings by Juliet Chisholm, M.D.; foreword by G. de T. Glazebrook—*University of Toronto Press —$10.00.*

It is probable that no one now living knows as much about the Lake Ontario port of Oakville and its place in Canadian history as the author of this book, who is a great-granddaughter of the town's founder. Her affection for the place and its environs (including the creek known as "The Sixteen"), her research and her sure sense of where local affairs merge with our nation's history, make this a valuable work of readable scholarship.

ONE—by David Karp—pp. 311—*Copp Clark —$4.00.*

In this tense novel the villain is a totalitarian state of the future, unnamed, but with a strong resemblance to what you might imagine the United States would be if Senator McCarthy, Rube Goldberg and Jack the Ripper formed a government there. The hero is a professor, a spy for the state, whose daily reports on his colleagues betray between the lines a heresy of his own seated so deep that even he is unaware of it. The story is of how the state tries by every foul means to root the sin of individualism from the professor's mind.

Artistically, it's a well-fulfilled book, akin to Orwell's *1984.* In short, if it pleases you to feel terror about what might happen to the human race, here is another handy-dandy fertilizer for your nightmares.

THE FOUR LIVES OF MUNDY TOLLIVER—by Ben Lucien Burman—with drawings by Alice Caddy—pp. 237—*Copp Clark—$4.25.*

THE GOOD SPIRIT OF LAUREL RIDGE — by Jesse Stuart — pp. 261 — *McGraw-Hill —* $4.20.

These books represent two shades of southern regional writing in the United States. Both are worth reading, although *The Four Lives of Mundy Tolliver* is much the warmer and more convincing. Its author, who took over the Mississippi where Mark Twain left off, writes in a disarmingly effortless prose, simple, clear and evocative. He tells here a good story of a young ex-soldier roaming the south from the moonshine stills of the Kentucky hills to the great shrimp platforms miles from shore in the Gulf of Mexico, searching for an end to loneliness, a life to keep.

In *The Good Spirit of Laurel Ridge* the main character is a half-blind old Kentucky hillman named Op Akers who always has known where his place is—right there on Laurel Ridge, with foxes and hounds and hunted men, trout that he shoots with bow and arrow, "yarbs" (herbs) that sell well in the nearby town, "sperets" from the local graveyard. What happens when his daughter falls in love with one of the sperets and thereby incurs the jealousy of Hootbird Hammertight (a flesh-and-blood lover, believe it or not) forms the plot of this exercise in Mr. Stuart's rather loose and leisurely art.

DENIZENS OF THE DEEP—True Tales of Deep Sea Fishing—by Philip Wylie—pp. 222—*Clarke, Irwin—$3.25.*

This is no book for anyone who has just decided to forego a Florida trip this winter in favor of the bracing blizzards of our native land. For fishermen, these tales of the mighty marlin, the bashing barracuda, the savage shark, are sure to evoke fierce desires to make all possible speed toward the warm Key waters, the Gulf Stream, the charter boats which work by the hundreds out of those balmy southern ports. Even for non-fishermen the book could be good reading, since it explains by example many of the basic causes of what must often seem a puzzling madness.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN WETHERELL, the diary of a 19th-century British seaman, with drawings by the author, edited and with an introduction by C. S. Forester—pp. 379 —*Doubleday—$5.50.*

One thought prompted by reading this book, fine fare for anyone with a taste for the unusual footnote to history, is that now we know where Mr. Forester gets some of his Hornblower plots and characters. John Wetherell, who was pressed into the Royal Navy to fight Bonaparte, tells with saltiness and vigor of a life so

cruel that he and his shipmates never were allowed ashore in home ports for fear they would escape. It should be pointed out, perhaps, that the frequent floggings, and such practices as having boatloads of loose women meet each incoming ship in lieu of shore leave, were standard at the time and should not now be held against your local naval recruiting officer.

HOCKEY NIGHT IN CANADA — by Foster Hewitt—pp. 211—with photographic illustrations—*Ryerson*—$3.00.

No man in Canada has done more for hockey than Foster Hewitt, whose voice is heard by millions of hockey fans across the land every Saturday night in the hockey season. His life has been built around the game, as was his father's (still very actively) and as is his son's. So this latest of his books, an account of the birth, childhood and youth of hockey, followed by the story of the Toronto Maple Leafs hockey club, is the work of an informed devotee. It is a good item for any hockey fan's bookshelf.

"WHO HE?" — A novel of TV — by Alfred Bester—pp. 313—*Longmans, Green*—$4.00.

This is strong suspense, set against a novelist's conviction, apparently from close study, that a complexity of maniacs lurks behind those simple faces shown us by the people who run quiz shows on TV. The book's central male character is a writer whose main work is a Sunday night quiz called "Who He?" which has been receiving filthy and denunciatory letters. The most recent one says murder will take place on the New Year's Eve production of the show. Trying to find out who is writing the letters and who is the murder-object brings the story to its unpredictable denouement.

The only real shortcoming of the book seems in the occasional sacrifice of characterization to the rather blinding speed of the narrative. Also, the TV jargon may be slightly confusing for a while to those readers who previously have not been obliged to differentiate between noodnicks and squares.

S. Y.

•

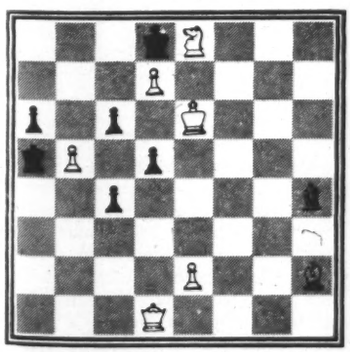
Chess Problem

IT IS A MATTER of surprise that recovery of the ground lost by the deteriorated Partita—the Italian name for mediaeval chess problems —did not make its start until around 1840. But some 150 years before this a marked interest in chess endings developed, as exemplified by the collections of Stamma, 1737; Ercole del Rio, 1750; Lolli, 1763; Cozio, 1766; and Ponziani, 1769. These authors were renowned as players and analysts, rather than as composers.

The chess problem proper was a natural sequel and a step in the right direction was taken by the four composers the Rev. Horatio Bolton, Auguste d'Orville, Prof. Adolf Andersen and Julius Brede. Problems by them are included in the 1846 collection of over 2,000 problems by A. Alexandre, 1766-1850. It is the largest collection ever to appear in a single volume. These four composers belong to the group known as the Old School that flourished at that time.

The universal efforts today for accuracy, economy and beauty, were gradually attained during the period of the Old School and the Transition School that followed. Bolton, 1793-1873, was the first to place emphasis on these features. In his day the long-range problem recovered from the cut made in mediaeval times for betting purposes.

Problem No. 48, by Dr. E. Palkoska
Black—Seven Pieces



White—Seven Pieces.
White mates in three

Solution of Problem No. 47

Key-move 1.Q-K1, threatening 2.Q xP mate. If R-K4 or K5; 2.KxP mate. If B-B4, B or P-K4; 2.B-K4 mate. If B-K5 or Kt-B5; 2.B-Q5 mate.

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The Backward Glance

29 Years Ago This Week

THE ISSUE of this magazine for January 17, 1925, devoted itself mainly to events that those of us who live in an age of cold wars, cigarette tar and the atom bomb look upon as being inconsequential, if not downright frivolous. "The Front Page" told of an Ontario deputation which was to visit Quebec in the interests of the *bonne entente*, receive a welcome in Montreal from the Quebec Liquor Commission, and be given another reception in Outremont by the Frontenac Breweries. This type of reception has never received its just consideration lately, and to our way of thinking could further interracial harmony much better than the formal, dried-up junkets that are all the rage today. Besides, the itinerary would keep the dead-heads at home, where they belong.

Will television spell the doom of Hollywood? Personally, we couldn't care less, but the movies, and to a greater extent the live theatre, including vaudeville, were up against a similar problem in 1925. SATURDAY NIGHT reported that on an evening when John McCormack sang over the radio there was a notable falling off in the attendance at theatres, movie houses and concert halls. Well, the cinema overcame that by the introduction of sound, but today it is a stiffer proposition, even with the introduction of 3-D, CinemaScope and Marilyn Monroe. We are not quite ready to prophesy the end of moving pictures, however, for the film czars have done great things in the past—such as parlaying a few cloak-and-suit businesses into an entertainment medium worth billions.

A headline that would be difficult to find in this day and age, "A Communistic Catastrophe," led off an article on the editorial page, which told of the setting up, and eventual decline, of a Utopian Communist colony at Clousden Hill, a few miles north of Newcastle-on-Tyne. This share-and-share-alike anthill was formed by a doctor, an undergraduate, some journalists, a carman, a tailor, a shoemaker, some coal miners, and a clerk or two. Later on they were joined by a Socialist farmer and some gardeners, "but that was after the wiser men had realized the folly of our so-called Communism and had sailed for Canada." The decline of the colony began almost with its inception, and the writer sums up its last days with the following: "From share and share alike, the atmosphere passed by gradual transition to grab where one could. Finally, just before the break-up, so filled with suspicion was the air that one man and one man alone, the secretary, could be entrusted with the colony's funds, and he slept with a gun beside his bed."

Bobbed hair was the current feminine craze in 1925, but a short filler, meant probably to assuage the feelings of the male population, stated that a wall painting in Wymington Church, built in 1380, showed a woman with bobbed hair. The shingle bob may have been an aesthetic monstrosity, but it gave employment during the early years of the depression to barbers, which is more than can be said of the present-day trend in women's *coiffures*. Today, the new hair styles hang in a ragged frill above the collar, as though hacked off by a drunken sheep-shearer.

The only item of interest on the book page was the review of a book called *Rats And How to Destroy Them*, by Mark Hovell. During 1925 in Great Britain, rats destroyed £1 million sterling of foodstuffs per week. The first rat was seen in Winnipeg about 1915, and the first one hit Alberta a couple of years ago, or just about the time that the oil boom was flourishing. A pair of rats, unhindered in their propagation, will become 1130 rats in 11 months, and 3050 rats in 13 months.

Fleischmann's Yeast had happy days in the twenties, with half-page ads in the magazines, featuring testimonials from yeast-eaters, telling of their new-found vim and vigor since taking a yeast cake daily. Incidentally, whatever happened to the Sun-Maid raisin ads, that used to have us spending our nickels for small boxes of raisins rather than Crispy-Crunch or Sweet Marie bars? Today the soap people are dyeing detergents blue, but bragging that their tooth-pastes are "pure white," where last year everything was chlorophyll green, with the possible exception of detergents.

Major-General Ryerson, formerly an officer in the Fenian Raids, the Boer War, the North-West Rebellion, and the First World War, had written his biography, and had titled it, with a surprising lack of originality, *Looking Backwards*. The original book of that name, by Edward Bellamy, has lost its punch over the years, but it may well claim to have won as many converts to Socialism as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did to the cause of emancipation of the slaves. There must have been quite a bit of confusion around the public libraries in 1925 or so, with hot-headed young Socialists asking for a copy of Bellamy's book, and being given the ex-Major-General's memoirs. Why didn't he title his book *The Backward Glance?*

Business

A Century of Enterprise Pays Off for Canada

By C. M. SHORT

YEARLY RECORDS of production and trade for Canada can be traced back 100 years, showing that the commercial life of the country antedates 1867, the year on which all economic comparisons are usually based.

The total value of production in all forms 100 years ago was about $200 million, as compared with nearly $20 billion in 1953, excluding financial and service transactions. But the population was only about 2 million people, confined mostly to Central and Eastern Canada. However, their activities were becoming quite varied, particularly in agriculture, forestry and transportation, while extensive surveys of resources both East and West indicated the potentialities of the country as a whole. Thus, it was known that, beyond the productive agricultural area, there was a great fertile belt, about 800 miles in length, stretching from the Lake of the Woods to the foothills of the Rockies, regarded as suitable for agricultural purposes and soon to acquire political and commercial importance.

Reports from further west indicated that British Columbia was rich in metals. Geological surveys in Central and Eastern Canada had been completed over an area of about 150,000 square miles, which showed occurrences of iron ores of almost inexhaustible quantities, and exceedingly rich quality; large copper-bearing formations; and wide veins of lead, mica, silver, nickel and other metallic elements. In fact, an exhibit of Canadian minerals at the Great Exhibition in London was judged superior to that of any other country. Perhaps it is not necessary to emphasize here that some of the greatest mineral developments the world has ever witnessed have recently taken place in the areas of Canada which were so carefully surveyed 100 years or more ago.

The problems of transportation to connect the settled regions of the country and to open up new commercial areas were given serious attention even before 1853. Extensive systems of canals and colonization roads were undertaken, but these were scarcely completed when Canada realized that if she were to continue in competitive trade with the United States she would have to follow that country's lead in building railroads. Canada already had a few short railway lines and by 1853 more than fifty charters, of which about half were implemented, had been granted for new rail routes. Then came a period when the Grand Trunk and Great Western systems merged most of the local lines and began an elaborate project for a trunk system extending about 1,000 miles from Lake Huron to the Atlantic. This was the first of several unsuccessful ventures of its kind unsoundly based on too optimistic traffic expectations and on the frenzied finance of promoters in England and North America.

Some comparisons of the records of individual industries should be noted. Agriculture, in 1853, was the primary industry, with a cultivated area for field crops (fodder, grains and roots) of about 7½ million acres. Grain production alone was over 50 million bushels, grown mainly in Ontario, or Upper Canada as it was then known, which was forging ahead both in land clearing and in farm practice. Upper Canada had a plough, designed by a man named Bingham, of Norwich, which was regarded as a remarkable implement in a ploughing match in France. Encouragement to agriculture in this province, with emphasis on the improvement of livestock of which Ontario had more than 2½ million head, was given by government grants to a number of agricultural societies. Crops were more diversified; new varieties of fruit trees were being developed and high-quality potatoes were being grown in the Maritime Provinces, particularly in New Brunswick.

The total agricultural production of Canada in 1853 was just about half, $100 million, of the gross national production. This amount looks small in comparison with the value of all crops last year, about $2½ billion, from a cultivated area of over 100 million acres, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific and reaching up to the rim of the Arctic Circle.

Forestry was next in importance to agriculture 100 years ago. Lumbering and fur trapping were, of course, the earliest forms of activity in this country, so in one sense it ranks in first place. Every new settler in the densely wooded areas was a forester on his own account.

Under both the French and early British regimes he also cut logs for ships' masts and spars as well as for the stout wooden hulls of vessels. Shipbuilding developed into a thriving industry in Quebec, on the lower Great Lakes and in Nova Scotia.

By 1853 a change was discernible, for steam navigation was attracting more and more attention and diverting Canadian traffic with Europe from the St. Lawrence and other eastern ports to Boston and New York. To meet American competition in transportation by water, Canada had to get into steam navigation and by 1853 screw steamers with a capacity of 1,000 tons of cargo were being built on Canadian order at Liverpool.

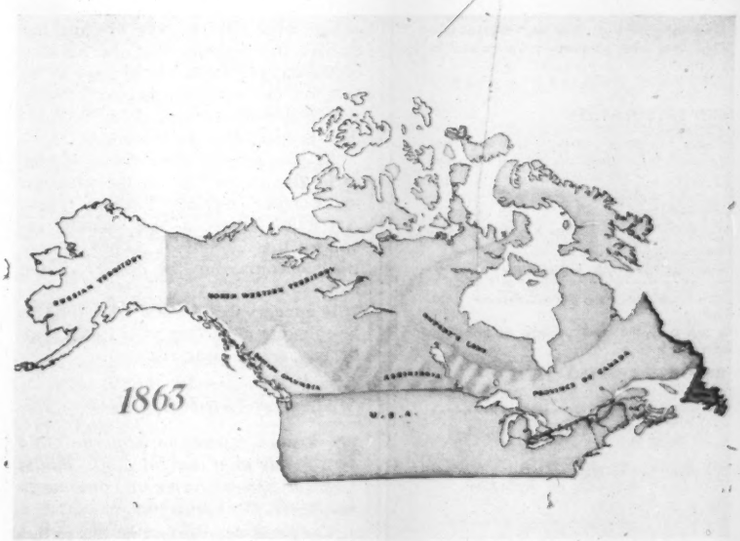
Forestry, however, continued to be one of the two leading industries, employing 20,000 people in more than 2,000 mills cutting over three-quarters of a billion board feet of lumber. In 1953, sawmills and pulp and paper plants produced about 6 billion board feet of lumber, over 5½ million tons of newsprint and further large quantities of wood pulp for textiles and about 800 other wood products, such as tissues, cartons and bags.

ACTUAL mining operations in 1853 were confined to coal in Nova Scotia and to gypsum in that province and in the Grand River Valley section of Ontario. These operations were quite large—over 70,000 tons of coal and nearly 100,000 tons of gypsum in fields which are still being worked. Preparations were made to mine iron ore in Nova Scotia not far from the Pictou and Cape Breton coal beds, and some development had been undertaken on the vast coal seams in the Nanaimo district of British Columbia. Most of the iron ore came from the St. Maurice deposits in Quebec which had already been worked for over a century, but there was some production of this mineral near Ottawa and in the township of Marmora, in Ontario. High-grade copper was extracted at the Bruce Mine on the northern flank of Lake Huron at a yearly rate of about 700 tons, while considerable exploration was under way on newly-discovered rich deposits in the Lake Superior region. A quite extensive gold mining operation was conducted in the Rivière du Loup section of Quebec, yielding over $2 million of this precious metal and there were some gold washings on an individual scale in other parts of the country, including British Columbia. Mica had been found in great abundance in Eastern Canada.

The value of all mineral production probably did not reach $10 million, but it was quite varied, and of such consequence as to lead to the output of 1953, valued at more than $1¼ billion.

Foreign trade was relatively important in 1853, with exports of about $10 million and imports of $20 million. Then, as now, wheat, lumber and minerals bulked largely in shipments abroad, while imports were mainly of industrial goods. Exports represented about 5 per cent of the national production, as compared with over 20 per cent in 1953. The contrast in values is most striking: $30 million in combined export-import trade in 1853, and over $8 billion in 1953.

Government expenditures 100 years ago, excluding Imperial grants, were less than $20 million and therefore not 10 per cent of the national production. Those expenditures were, of course, by provincial authorities as there was then no federal government. In 1953 federal and provincial expenditures combined were at least $5½ billion, nearly one-quarter of the national production, omitting financial and service transactions.



CNR

BY 1853 more than 50 charters had been granted for new railroads in Canada, but in the next decade rails still had not run beyond western Ontario.

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Mixed trends in the business picture tend to confuse investors. We study them every day—apply years of research experience to all kinds of statistical data and thus obtain our forecast. You can use this in planning investment and business programmes in 1954.

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A series of articles dealing with the fundamentals of investment. This shows how you can make your money really work for you.

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Dear Sirs:

Enclosed you will find $2.00 for which please send me your ANNUAL FORECAST OFFER described above.

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Gold & Dross

Mackeno Mines

R.S.K. AS A SPECULATION *for a six to 12 month holding, I own some Mackeno Mines. One-third I purchased at 52 cents and the balance at 29 cents. Is it worth holding?—M. J. M., Guelph, Ont.*

Mackeno owns a producing silver-lead property, adjoining United Keno Hill Mines, in the Yukon Territory. The 150-ton-per-day mill, which was jointly financed by Yukeno, Makeno and Bibis Mines, is reportedly operating at a profit. The high silver content of the ore available for mill feed—the company last reported reserves of 70,000 tons averaging 44 oz. silver and 12 per cent combined lead and zinc per ton—makes commercial operation possible despite the weakening markets for lead and zinc.

As mill capacity is being expanded to 190 tons per day, and this extra capacity will be used to treat ores from other properties on a cost plus basis, the company should be able to maintain its financial balance. The stock appears worth holding at the present price of 21 cents for a possible recovery.

McDougall-Segur

R.O.O. AS THE OWNER *of several thousand shares of McDougall-Segur Exploration Co., at a cost of 27 cents per share, I would appreciate your advice as to whether to buy more at the present price of 13 cents to reduce my average costs—K. G. M., Calgary.*

The future prospects of this company would appear to depend greatly upon the proposed merger of the company with three other small companies, Jet Oils, Rundle Oils and Ashmont Petroleums. Should this merger go through, 3,748,870 Canadian Ashmont shares would be issued out of an authorized capitalization of 6 million shares.

As none of the companies shows either large oil reserves or working capital, it is evident that the balance of the capitalization would have to be sold on the open market to provide sufficient working capital for exploration and development work.

At the present time there appear to be too many "ifs" in the situation to warrant risking further funds. Averaging down a loss merely increases the amount of money at risk without improving the quality of the risk.

It appears to be more of a time to be thinking of cutting your losses than of expanding your risks.

Malartic Gold Fields

R.S.K. I HOLD SHARES *in Malartic Gold Fields at a cost of 2.50. Should I sell at present levels or continue to hold?—H. C., Vancouver.*

The great depression that has settled on the gold mining industry has eliminated all but a handful of producers. The outlook for these has been further clouded by the deadlocked strike that has shut down many mines in the Porcupine area for months.

Even though Malartic is one of the few mines to maintain profitable production and pay a dividend, the general atmosphere of pessimism that surrounds gold shares has served to bring the price of the stock to a new low of 1.32 in the long decline from the 1945 high of 4.15.

At this price the stock appears undervalued and much more in a buying range than a selling one. Quarterly net profits for the first three quarters of this year have held above the $130,000 level, showing a considerable improvement over 1952. The cumulative net profits for the first 9 months of 1953 were $411,576 against $301,970 for the same period in 1952.

Although the revised "cost-aid" program has had a part in this improvement in net profits, it seems likely that the adverse trade balance with the U.S., which is running strongly against us now, will eliminate, and possibly reverse, the exchange premium situation before long.

Secondly, there is the very likely possibility that the "rolling readjustment" that is slowing the economic machine of this continent will provide a freer supply of labor and lower costs to the gold mining industry.

Finally, in view of the capital loss you have already experienced, holding seems more than warranted.

Chrysler Corporation

R.O.O. WOULD YOU *please give an analysis of Chrysler Corporation. I am the holder of shares purchased at a price of more than $80. Would you advise my continuing to hold these shares in the hope of a recovery in price or should I sell?—J. R. O., Toronto.*

To holders of this stock the question of whether we are in a bear market or not has been purely academic. Since the high of 98 was marked at the beginning of 1953, the stock has been staging a downward performance that has only brought joy to the shorts. With only shallow recoveries intervening, the price has declined in a broad downtrend to reach 58¾ at the year end.

The highly competitive conditions which the automobile industry encountered early last year, which resulted in Chrysler reducing car prices, chilled speculative enthusiasm for the stock. The subsequent troubles, ranging from the loss of defence contracts to a sequence of labor troubles that forced a reduction in production quotas and delayed the 1954 models by about two months, have all had their effect.

The quarterly reports showed that, despite an increase in sales of nearly 50 per cent in the first half of the year over the same period in 1952, earnings per share had barely improved from $5.02 to $5.07. The balance

sheet indications that costs were squeezing profit margins also brought an increase in selling pressure.

The desperate battle for first place in the low price field between Ford and General Motors, both highly integrated as to parts manufacture and operating on higher profit margins, promises to make 1954 a difficult year for Chrysler to improve its profit margins. The final quarter results and the annual report will likely reflect this.

The purchase of the body manufacturing facilities of the Briggs Manufacturing Co., which has supplied the majority of Chrysler bodies for years, should help reduce costs, as should plentiful steel supplies. However, with lower sales in sight and high volume the key to profits in the automobile industry, the savings seem likely to be absorbed in other costs such as labor.

The acquisition of Briggs has raised fears that long term financing may have to be arranged to provide funds for this multi-million dollar deal and that the dividend rate may be cut both as a result of lower earnings and a desire to conserve working capital.

Should the dividend be reduced to say $4.00 from the present $6.00 it appears likely that the stock will revert to the 44-65 range of 1948 and 1949 and that the 1949 low of 44 could be tested in a generally declining market.

Thus, disposal of your holdings seems warranted at the present time to avoid further capital losses.

Anglo-Canadian Oil

I WOULD APPRECIATE *your views on Anglo-Canadian Oil now that Calmont Oils have been taken over. Will this improve the dividend position of the company?—A. F., Gibsons, B.C.*

Until a full balance-sheet appears, reflecting the complete results of the merger, it is difficult to estimate just what the effect will be upon possible dividend action. As a general statement, it appears unlikely that there will be any dividend increase; all of the western oil companies are faced with the problem of conserving working capital until greater possibilities of production income are in sight. The costs of maintaining lease rentals and continuing exploration and development work are very high, as the reports of the larger companies show, and the increase in the number of shares outstanding, as a result of the merger, to 3,779,376 makes increased distributions unlikely.

The action of the stock reflects this; the long decline from the high of 9.60, marked in January of 1952, has been extended to a new low of 4.55.

Considering the 12 million barrels of oil reserves and the net current assets of $5 million, the stock is almost in line with the estimated line of value of 4.50 per share. Production, now running at the rate of 2,400 barrels per day, should provide sufficient income to maintain and improve the position of the company, and any further decline would place the stock in an undervalued position.

Tax selling from American sources has undoubtedly been a considerable factor in forcing most of the oils to new lows for 1953 as the year closed. Holding seems warranted at the present time.

Salmita

I HOLD *3,000 shares of Salmita Consolidated Mines Ltd., bought at 50 cents. What are the prospects of this company? Would you advise holding and buying more at the present quotation of 20 cents?—L. P. D., Cheticamp, N.S.*

The prospects of this company depend upon developments at the gold property in the Courageous Lake area of the Yellowknife district of the Northwest Territories and the uranium claims in the Beaverlodge area of Saskatchewan.

At Yellowknife, a 100-ton-per-day mill is almost completely installed but further underground work to block out ore is required before operations can begin. Until production has been under way for some time and the costs of mining and milling are determined, it is impossible to say whether a profitable level of operations can be attained.

The Beaverlodge claims are a subject for pure guess. Only an extensive series of diamond drill holes will determine what, if any, value can be placed upon the property.

With so many "ifs" in the situation the present market quotation of 15-20 cents must be accepted as a fair measure of possible value of the stock at the present time. To add to your risk, after a very considerable capital loss, hardly seems the best of tactics at the present time. Selling of your present holdings does not appear warranted either, because there is some potential for "news" in both properties.

In Brief

I HAVE SHARES in Ankeno Mines *Ltd., which I bought at 80 cents. Do you think the future of this company looks bright or should I sell now while the getting is good? — G. W., Montreal.*

What's left of the "getting" looks good.

LOOKING THROUGH *some old family papers I came across some shares of Kasabazua Corp. Mines. Are they of any value?—S. M. P., London, Ont.*

Just as a sample of the old Kasabazua.

WOULD YOU KINDLY *inform me if Addnac Gold Syndicate has any prospects? I bought several units in 1933 and have not heard from them since. —L. Mc.N., Toronto.*

Neither has anyone else.

ABOUT *a year ago I purchased 3,000 shares of Lloydminster Development Co. at $1.00 per share. Should I continue to hold or take my loss?—P. V., North Vancouver.*

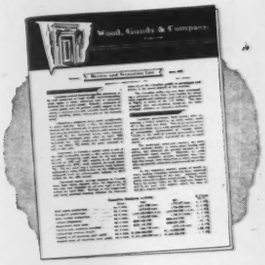
Take your loss.

CAN YOU *give me any information on Lafayette Long Lac Gold Mines? Is the company still alive?—G. G., Montreal.*

Just. And that's all.

W. P. SNEAD

Unique in North America



When on January 1st, the powers and duties of the recently incorporated Municipality of Metropolitan Toronto became fully effective, there came into being the only Plan of its kind on this continent. The closest comparison to it is the London, England, County Council.

Because of the Plan's municipal importance and because of the attention being paid to it in Canada and United States, a brief description of the new system is given in our January "Review and Securities List". Householders in all parts of Canada should find it interesting.

The January "Review" also contains information regarding six of our special services. Investors find all of these services helpful. There is no charge for them and no obligation is involved. Your inquiries will be welcome.

We think you will find this month's Review well worth reading. We shall be pleased to send you a copy if you will write and ask for

"January Review and Securities List"

Wood, Gundy & Company
Limited
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax
Quebec Ottawa Hamilton London, Ont.
Kitchener Regina Edmonton Calgary
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EXECUTORS AND TRUSTEES FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY

Let us help you

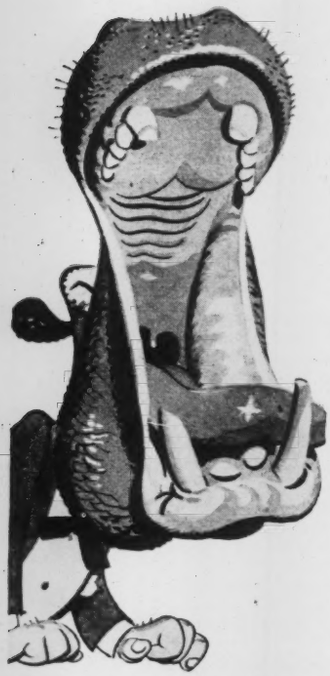
with plans for your WILL

THE **ROYAL TRUST** COMPANY

Ask for our booklet "Practical Hints on Planning Your Will".

OFFICES ACROSS CANADA FROM COAST TO COAST

Thirsty?



. . . TRY A PILSENER

When your unslaked throat feels like this there's a treat in store for you IF you keep Pilsener on hand! Gratefully you savour this clean refreshing beer as it trickles down that parched and dusty passage. Labatt's* Pilsener, of course, is the internationally famous brew, lighter than ale, drier than lager, ideal for quenching thirst. Call for it in your favourite hotel or tavern . . . keep a case at home—you never know when you'll have a thirst that deserves Pilsener. John Labatt Limited.

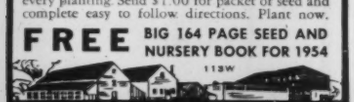
The only beer in the world endorsed by brewmasters from seven *other* breweries. Made to the original Pilsen formula with yeast specially flown from Europe. See the BACK of the label.

*The swing is definitely to
LABATT'S

African Violets

Grow these lovely and fascinating plants from seed with variations of form and color in most every planting. Send $1.00 for packet of seed and complete easy to follow directions. Plant now.

FREE BIG 164 PAGE SEED AND NURSERY BOOK FOR 1954



DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN ONT.

Who's Who in Business

A Suitable Style For Everyone

CHARLES EDGAR PROVAN is a neatly-dressed businessman with an inclination towards dark, conservative suits, white stiff collars and shirts, and plain ties with the smallest possible knot. "Out of style" is his description of the overall effect. "But," he adds, "the *best* style for anyone is the one that most suits him." Over the past 28 years he has established himself as something of an authority on this subject.

Since the days when he first set himself up as a tailor on a borrowed $500, Ed Provan has built up a business with almost 25,000 regular customers—about one in ten of them Americans—who seem proud to wear the Provan label inside their suits even if they cost a little more than average (his price range runs from $75 to $165). But one of the happy things about expensive clothes, the Toronto-born tailor explains, is that a taste for them isn't necessarily restricted to the upper-income brackets. He has several company presidents among his customers and movie stars (Bob Hope, Rudy Vallee, George Raft)—but he also has less prominent men, with considerably smaller salaries.

Ashley & Crippen
EDGAR PROVAN

Fifty-three-year-old Provan, grey haired and thoughtful, presides over an oak - fronted Yonge Street store that is something like a men's club; friends drop in for a chat, to read magazines—even, occasionally, to take a shower or buy a suit. Goodwill is acquired over a long time in the tailoring business and nowhere in retailing are customer relationships as close. Nor is it the type of job that is likely to generate much enthusiasm from the newcomer's point of view.

"When I first got into the business, working in Eaton's tailoring department, I wasn't excited about it at all," he recalls. "But after a while the personal element got me interested. There aren't many ways a man can express his individuality today; if he wants to buy a car, every model is pretty much the same and there aren't many people who can design their own homes, for example. But a suit is a personal thing and every man feels that it was made for him alone."

In the long run, of course, most of Provan's customers wear suits styled not by themselves but by Provan who keeps in touch with trends by making frequent trips to Europe and the U.S. (As in many other things Canadian tailoring styles are something of a compromise between the two influences.)

From his early days he has tried hard to be first in whatever he does. As a druggist's delivery boy before World War I, he was the first boy to be dissatisfied with his weekly 35 cent salary; when he asked for a raise the outraged druggist fired him on the spot. Later he was the first tailor to introduce the all-male fashion show to Canada and has been credited with introducing the five new basic styles to this country. He was also one of the founders of the Retail Men's Wear Association, later served as its president, and now represents it on the board of the Canadian Retail Federation. During the war he served as Director of men's clothing for the Retail Administration of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board and, as a result, is one of the best-known men in the trade.

This wartime appointment put him in what many of his competitors might have regarded as an unfair position with access to their production capacity and other details that it isn't always wise for your rivals to have. But it is something of a tribute to his tact and integrity that the position won him more friends than enemies.

With his attractive wife Margaret and his two children, Nancy (21) and 17-year-old Ian, Canada's busiest "custom-made" tailor lives in a trim, stone-built house at North York. Almost his only hobby is studying clothes and a good deal of his spare time is devoted to improving the looks of people who often aren't even aware of the fact that they need improving.

Recently, for example, he solved a problem for the salesman who was sent to him with his employer's diagnosis of "a good man, but no clothes sense."

Ed Provan is philosophical about such limitations. He doubts if the day will come when *everyone* has good taste but he thinks that in 28 years he has seen a certain amount of progress.

JOHN WILCOCK

J. Ross Oborne

Nesbitt, Thomson and Company, Limited, announce the appointment of Mr. J. Ross Oborne as Assistant Manager for Ontario. Mr. Oborne, who has been with Nesbitt, Thomson and Company, Limited, since 1936 will continue to make his headquarters in Toronto. He is a well-known writer on financial matters.

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK
Ltd.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 268

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st January 1954 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after MONDAY, the FIRST day of FEBRUARY 1954, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st December 1953. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

N. J. McKINNON
General Manager

Toronto, 11th December 1953

MARK EVERYTHING WITH Cash's WOVEN NAMES

Avoid losses or arguments. Neat, permanent. Easy to sew on, or attach with No-So Cement. From your dealers, or write.

Cash's — Belleville Dept.18 Ontario

CASH'S NAMES	3 doz $1.80	9 doz $3.00	NO-SO CEMENT
	6 doz $2.40	12 doz $3.50	per tube 35c

Advertising

THE EXPECTATION in advertising circles is that when the final count is made, total expenditures for national advertising in Canada for 1953 will be considerably ahead of 1952's record outlay. It is likely that the increase will be larger than the average percentage growth recorded annually for the past ten years or even longer. According to an estimate made by *Marketing*, advertising expenditures in Canada for the nine months ending September, 1953, for four media groups, exceeded those for the same period in 1952 by more than $7,800,000. An unusually heavy volume of advertising during the Christmas gift season maintained and possibly increased this lead for the entire year. The four media groups on which the estimate was based are daily newspapers, farm papers, magazines and week-end papers.

A considerable number of advertisers, large and small, changed their agencies during the last quarter of 1953. The most outstanding of such changes was made by Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, whose advertising for many years has been handled by a Canadian agency. In future, Chrysler publicity will be in the hands of a Detroit agency operating from an office located in Windsor, Ont. The establishment of the new Chrysler agency makes the fourteenth branch of an American agency situated in Canada. Others are considering a similar move.

Other Canadian advertisers who have recently switched agencies include International Silver Company of Canada, Ltd., Hamilton; Mead, Johnson & Co., Ltd., Toronto; General Steel Wares Ltd., Toronto; Canadian Pratt and Whitney Aircraft Ltd., Montreal; McCormick Ltd., London, Ont.; Daltons Canada Ltd., Toronto; and Iron Fireman Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto. This last company has placed advertising for Ontario in charge of a Canadian agency, leaving its promotion for the rest of Canada under the direction of a Portland, Ore., agency.

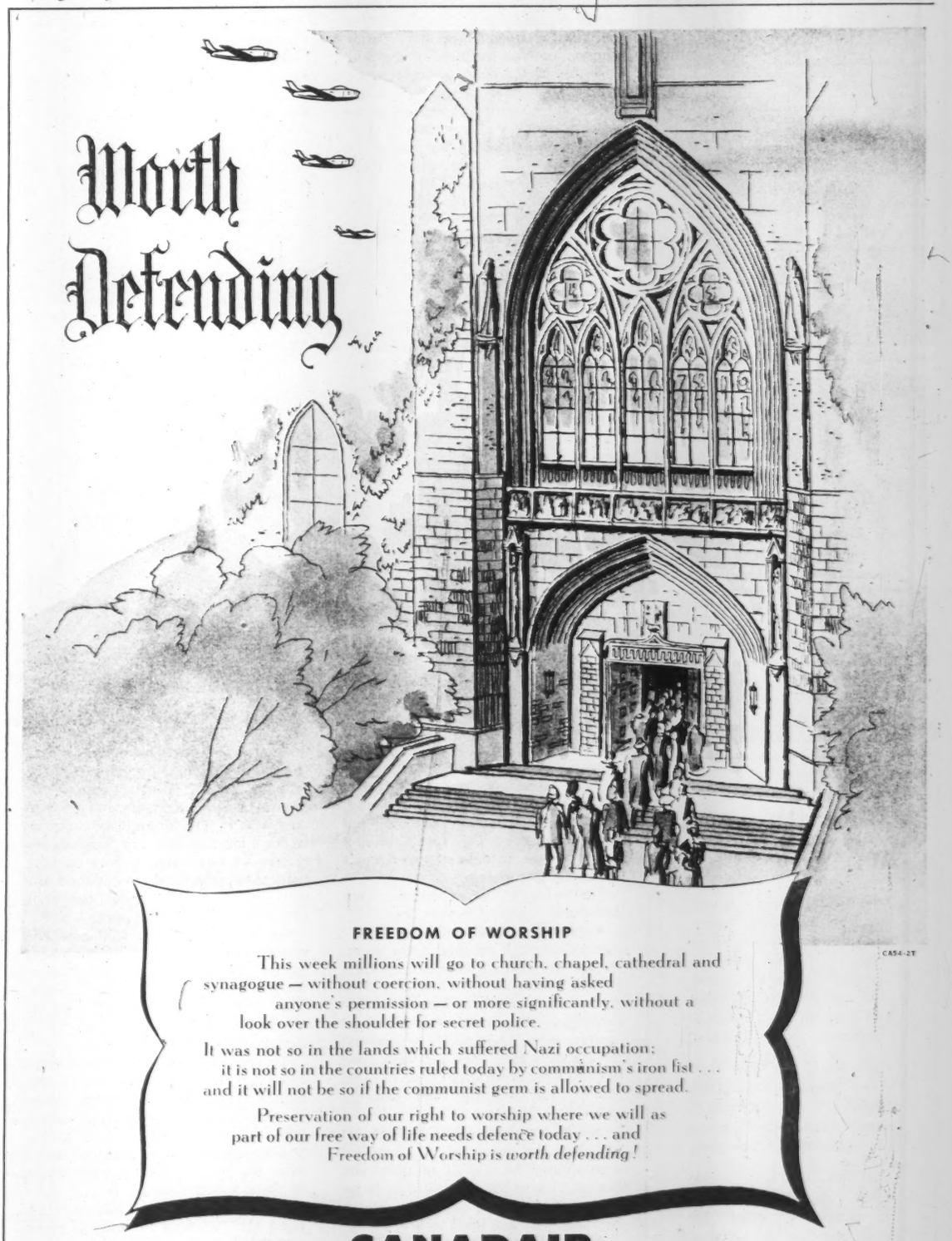
As the Canadian farm income approached, reached and passed the $2 billion mark, Canadian advertisers showed a growing awareness of the market provided by the farm family. Despite a slight drop in income, this market will not lose its attraction in 1954. Recent years have seen the rural districts come to be regarded as a natural outlet for many products once considered suitable for the town and city market only. Time was when advertisers catered almost exclusively to the farmer himself, whose first concern was for his livestock, farm buildings and equipment. That day disappeared under the steady assault of the mail order catalogue and it will not return.

The farmer's wife and family have become important personages in the market for luxuries and semi-luxuries. The farm home has become as important as the barn in the eyes of many advertisers and scores of produets once considered suitable for town and city are now advertised regularly and successfully in farm papers. Women on the farms are being lured with offerings of fine furniture, quality watches, cosmetics, hand lotions, food freezers, refrigerators and electric ranges. There will be no let-up in this type of advertising this year.

The tendency of many advertisers to "go easy" when times are bad, or threaten to become bad, is often due to the method of determining the annual budget. It is not necessarily the outcome of timidity or undue caution, but it is none the less a policy that robs advertising of one of its best attributes—the cumulative force of continuity and consistency. Teetering advertising has the effect of creating teetering consumers, who can easily be influenced to switch brands.

"Go-easy-in-dull-times" advertising is usually a result of basing the budget on a certain percentage of sales which may range from one to five per cent or more. A similar result follows when the expenditure is determined by a percentage of anticipated sales. This can produce over-caution when a recession lifts a threatening and angry eyebrow above the horizon. A growing number of advertisers are adopting the task-to-be-done method that establishes a budget as closely in line as possible with the year's needs.

JOHN CARLTON



FREEDOM OF WORSHIP

This week millions will go to church, chapel, cathedral and synagogue — without coercion, without having asked anyone's permission — or more significantly, without a look over the shoulder for secret police.

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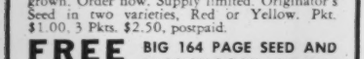

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Saturday Night

Sports

Hold That Tiger!

GEORGE PANTER, a noted authority on wildlife, is conducting a one-man campaign to bring The Wolf into the Canadian home. Mr. Panter, who presently is manager of the Sudbury Arena Gardens, gained his extensive knowledge of wildlife during his tenure of office as president of the Ontario Hockey Association when, unarmed and unaided, he tamed the sabre-toothed delegates from Hog's Hollow and Clappison's Corners.

"The wolf is a misunderstood animal," says Mr. Panter, referring, of course, to *canis lupus* rather than the two-legged species which lounges at street-corners, appraising the passing livestock.

Upon assuming the managerial duties at the Sudbury Arena, Mr. Panter was entranced by the information that all Sudbury hockey teams are nicknamed "The Wolves." Chuckling happily, he outlined a plan for making the wolf the fireside companion of every householder in Northern Ontario. "A wolf is only a dog with a 16-cylinder motor and built-in peptic ulcers," he said. "The wolf will respond to the warmth of human kindliness. Psychiatric treatment can rehabilitate him and make him a useful member of the community."

As the first step in his program, Mr. Panter spent a week-end in the bush visiting a pack of wolves which he has weaned away from a caribou diet and which now subsist on Wheaties, farina and oatmeal mush. He had taken along a tape-recording machine and, when he returned, he brought with him a collection of hair-raising wolf howls.

Panter was prepared for the next Sudbury home hockey game. He was waiting for the first Sudbury goal and, when the local heroes scored, he put his recording on the turntable and turned up the volume of the Arena's public address system.

The results of the experiment were impressive, to say the very least.

As the first howl of the wolf resounded through the Arena, the members of the visiting team fled to their bus; the Sudbury goal-keeper hid in his own net and prepared to defend himself to the death with his stout goaling stick. The spectators sprinted for the exits and, only last week, two of them were reported passing through Miami, still wearing their galoshes and winter lingerie.

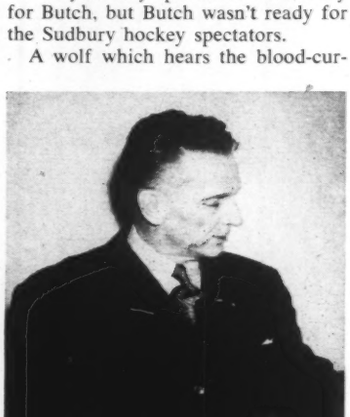
Mr. Panter was not dismayed. "It was just the result of a silly local superstition," he said. "I am quite sure that as soon as the citizens of Sudbury realize that wolves are their blood-brothers, they will learn to love them."

Eventually, many of the Sudbury Arena's regular ticket-holders became accustomed to the wolf howls although a few of them still are barricaded in their homes and are having their groceries shoved through the letter-slot.

When the panic had subsided, Mr. Panter decided that his fellow-townsmen were ready for his second experiment. He persuaded a wolf friend of his, named Butch, to come to the city and he secreted Butch in a cage near the Sudbury goal.

In the next game, as soon as Sudbury scored, Mr. Panter played the wolf howl on the public address system and, simultaneously, gave Butch a boot in the seat of the pants, sending him slithering across the ice. The Sudbury hockey spectators were ready for Butch, but Butch wasn't ready for the Sudbury hockey spectators.

A wolf which hears the blood-curdling cries of a Sudbury hockey crowd for the first time, can be forgiven for flipping his lid. Butch emitted one mournful howl of fright and flopped on his belly. Desperately, he attempted to hide between the legs of the referee who appeared to be a friendly man. The referee misunderstood the wolf's intentions and made a new door in the north end of the rink.



Turofsky
GEORGE PANTER: Wild-life authority.

At last reports, the wolf and the referee were occupying adjoining beds in the Ontario Mental Hospital at Whitby. They had become fast friends. They were sternly resisting the efforts of the Sanity Board to have them discharged as cured.

Temporarily unnerved by the cataclysmic results of his experiments, Mr. Panter has compromised to the extent of employing a *stuffed* wolf which pops out of the Arena wall to the accompaniment of the recorded howls when the Sudbury hockey team scores on these winter evenings.

Your correspondent could have advised Mr. Panter of the folly of pressing the heavier four-footed animals into service as living symbols or mascots for a hockey team. You see, your correspondent was in Vancouver 20 years ago when Guy Patrick operated a professional team known as the Vancouver Lions in the Pacific Coast Hockey League.

The team had been known originally as The Millionaires but the nickname became archaic with the descent into The Great Depression in 1930.

One winter out there, things were so tough that the seagulls deserted the harbor and moved up into posh Shaughnessy Heights, where the garbage trucks still patrolled on drastically reduced schedules. Several unwary cooks were pecked to death on their way from the kitchen door to the garbage cans. Guy Patrick habitually wore a bowler hat but, by the end of the hockey season, his head had shrunk to such an extent that he stuffed the hat-band with newspapers to prevent the bowler from falling over his ears. As for his hockey players, they were so thin that, when they boarded the train for road trips three of them could sleep in a single lower berth—two in the bed and the third in the little hammock beside the windows.

Guy was sitting in his office one night, moodily gnawing his knuckles, when a man and a lion came through the doorway. Guy's part in the ensuing conversation was carried on from a chandelier.

"Can you use a lion in your business?" asked the smaller of the two visitors.

"Why the hell would I want a lion?" yelped Patrick, renewing his grip on the chandelier. "Can he skate?"

The man explained that he and the lion temporarily were at liberty. They had been stranded when the small circus sideshow with which they had been travelling succumbed to financial anaemia. "You have a hockey team called The Lions," said the man. "Well, where could you get a better mascot than Leo?"

"Does it bite?" quavered Patrick, inching closer to the ceiling.

"This here animal is strictly a vegetarian," said the man indignantly. "Come down here and put your hand in his mouth."

"Close the door behind you on your way out," Patrick managed to gasp as he felt his grip on the chandelier slipping.

"Look, mister," whimpered the man, "Leo hasn't had anything but frankfurters since we left Boise, Idaho, and, anyhow, he hasn't any teeth. But he'll be a terrific act. He can be your mascot—you can take him out to centre ice and stick your head in his mouth and the customers will love it. Leo will draw *money*!"

At the mention of the word "money," Patrick tumbled from the chandelier and signed Leo as the mascot for the Vancouver Lions.

Three nights later, the Vancouver Lions played their next home game. The delighted press had given wide circulation to the reports that the Lions' new mascot would make his debut and would decapitate Mr. Patrick at centre-ice. The joint was packed.

Leo took one step onto the ice, lay down, rolled over on his back, stuck his legs straight in the air and closed his eyes. He refused to move. He was pulled off by his tail.

JIM COLEMAN

women

CLOVER *shaped hair-do, by Fernand Aubry, Paris. The waving sweep gives height and the back is shaped in soft "undeveloped" movement.*

Photo: Jacques Ronchon

TWO *new coiffures by Guillaume, of Paris. Above, "Delta", with the hair brushed up and curved back; at left, "Vampire" with its complete upsweep. Both are cut low at the nape of the neck and curved under.*

Photos: Harry Meerson

Conversation Pieces:

MATERIALS used to be simple and uncomplicated—just plain silk, wool or cotton. Now it is hard to keep up with the new developments. There is nylon velvet that can be washed and yet retains its soft, sleek look. There is Pellon, the "wonder under" interlining, with its springy resistance to creases, which makes it an excellent interfacing for bouffant gowns and for turn-back cuffs. Its lightweight quality is a boon for air travellers. Then there is Milium, now processed in Canada by Bruck. Coats lined with Milium retain body warmth, without adding extra bulk.

The Ladies' Morning Musical Club of Montreal has announced that Monique Fournier has won its scholarship for piano, and Marguerite Lavergne the one for voice.

The *Canadian Cook Book* comes of age. The 21st edition of this comprehensive cook book (Ryerson, $3.95) is revised and enlarged by Helen Wattie and Elinor Donaldson, both on the staff of the Ryerson Institute of Technology, Toronto.

Mrs. Ada Pritchard is back again as a Hamilton (Ont.) Alderman, heading her poll. She has served on such committees as Fire and Jail, Civic Airport, Welfare, Board of Health and Recreation.

The first woman to be president of any national kennel club is Mrs. Alva McColl, recently elected president of the Canadian Kennel Club. A few years ago she became the first dog psychiatrist in North America; she has also helped to develop noseprinting for identifying dogs.

Weddings: Jean Christian Erie Catto, daughter of Major John Catto, York Mills (Toronto) to John Warren Hughes, Toronto; Eileen Marie Donnelly, of Montreal, grand-daughter of the late Hon. William John Sinclair Donnelly, former Finance Minister of Newfoundland, to Marius Jaak Vanderwal, The Netherlands; Nanette Allison Bishopric, daughter of Frank Allison Bishopric, of Montreal, to Capt. John Arthur Beament, son of Brig. A. W. Beament, QC, of Ottawa.

Two of the winners of awards by the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association are 20-year-old Shirley MacIntyre, of Toronto, who will study at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, in London, England, and 23-year-old Joanna Vaterpool, of Saskatoon, Sask., who will continue her art studies in France.

A new monthly magazine, *Distaff Doings*, made its first appearance in Montreal last month. It is "in the interest of clubwomen" and circulates in Quebec province. Editor is newspaperwoman Georgina Rodden.

Mrs. Earl T. Caughey, of St. Andrews, NB, will be an official delegate at the conference of the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts, in Costa Rica, in January. She is provincial international commissioner of the NB Girl Guides.

Jupiter Theatre has lured Eleanor Stuart away from TV roles long enough to play the English dowager in their presentation, this week, of Noel Coward's *Relative Values*. Miss Stuart is the Montreal actress, now in Toronto, who is considered one of the best voice teachers in the country. Playing the American movie star is Pegi Brown, who has developed a flair for flighty parts. This is Jupiter's second foray into the large Royal Alexandra Theatre. A few weeks ago, Ottawa's Canadian Repertory Theatre presented the Canadian première of this sparkling Coward play, with happy box-office results.

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Musical Scores by the Score For These Well Known Composers

THE ONLY musician in her family, Montreal-born Violet Archer is an organist, percussionist, accompanist and conductor, but is best known as a composer. She turned to composition at the McGill Conservatorium; went on, with the aid of scholarships, to obtain the degree of Master of Music at Yale and to study abroad. This February, she joins the staff of the University of Oklahoma. Her Italian ancestry shows in her dark hair, but not in her light complexion and hazel eyes. She is fond of clothes, good food, poetry, ballet, movies, and is an amateur painter.

Photo: News Service

QUIET by nature, Vancouver-born Jean Coulthard has tended to turn to quiet themes, in her more than 30 works, ranging from ballet to symphonies, and from vocal music like her prize-winning song, *Quebec May*, to music for flute and string orchestra. Many of her compositions have won prizes. She began studying at five, received her ATCM at 18. Among her famous teachers was Vaughan Williams, dean of English composers. At present, she is in the Department of Music, University of British Columbia.

Sketch: Fr. André

WINNIPEG-BORN Barbara Pentland was sent to France to finish her schooling and returned home to "come out" socially. But she had been composing music since the age of nine and was determined to continue. She is now regarded as a brilliant exponent of the modern technique in composition. Her *Studies in Line* is an outstanding example. In March, the CBC will present *The Lake*, her new chamber opera. She is in the Department of Music, University of British Columbia.

Photo: Robert Steiner

DOLORES CLAMAN, of Vancouver and New York, has broken away from serious composition to dash off the music for *Timber*, the Canadian musical comedy first performed in 1952 by Vancouver's Theatre Under the Stars, and for two sketches in *Airs on a Shoestring*, a recent London (England) revue. Slim and with green eyes, Dolores likes to change the color of her hair: "It's like buying a new hat." She designs her own clothes, to show off her tiny waist, and collects eccentric earrings. She majored in music at the University of Southern California, then went on a piano fellowship to the Juilliard School of Music, NY. Besides her "theatre" music, she has written a couple of ballets and a number of songs. She maintains that "any music is good, as long as it is good."

Photo: The Photo Repro

Food

DURING WINTER months, celery offers steady assistance to those whom we depend upon to arrange for variety in our meals.

It is an adaptable vegetable which can be used in different ways to cope with shortages and emergencies.

Once merely a thick-stemmed weed growing wild in the fields of old England, it first found favor on the dining table during the time of the Stuarts. Careful breeding and agricultural science have brought it to the fine degree of perfection which we know today.

Although usually eaten raw, there are several good ways of serving it cooked, some of them well worthy of notice even by the discriminating.

Cooked celery offers a welcome change from the more orthodox vegetables such as cabbage and spinach, inasmuch as it has a stimulating flavor very different from these.

If the best of this stimulating flavor is to reach the plate when cooked celery is served, there is one most important rule to be observed. This rule must never be overlooked or neglected. It is simply this: Never boil celery in water; always use stock.

This helps no end in bringing out flavor, and, while the type of stock used can be of personal selection, veal or chicken stock seems best, although many prefer that in which onions have been cooked.

When stock is used, and the celery is braised or stewed slowly and gently, it becomes a pleasure to the eye and a delight to the tongue.

A popular method of braising celery is as follows:

Take a fair-sized head of celery. Trim off the roots and leaves. Scrape away any blemishes. Cut the head down the centre so that you have two halves with stalks attached to each other. Melt half a cup of butter in a baking dish. Lay the celery stalks in the butter, cut side down. Cover. Cook slowly until it is barely soft. Lift both halves out and place to one side. Take two teaspoons of plain flour. Stir them into the liquid in the baking dish. Then add one and a half cups of stock—meat or chicken. Keep stirring until it boils. Replace celery halves. Simmer gently until quite tender. Salt to taste. Serve, using liquid as gravy.

BEVIS WALTERS

• •

Face the Music

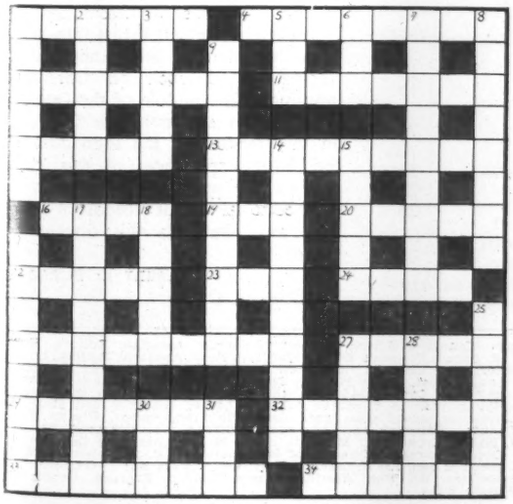
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. 1 down. In this condition a double bass won't—under the chin. (3, 2, 1, 6)
4. 16. And this condition should be hard to beat! (5, 2, 1, 4)
10. I'm a rude painter. (7)
11. Ecclesiastics use them for walking about having dined inside. (7)
12. You'll recognize him from his simple harmony. (5)
13. On which a composer jots down his thoughts? (9)
16. See 4.
19. Louis admits it! (3)
20. Worship a biblical illustrator? (5)
22. No! I will not attend the audition, on any account! (5)
23. The general returned the fish. (3)
24. Chalcedony via New York central. (4)
26. How the art in Tree came out as an encore giver. (9)
27. Peach of a singer, often toasted. (5)
29. Shape of one who "had a great fall." (7)
32. Produced by that gold digger, Albert? (7)
33. "While the earth remaineth ....., and harvest —— shall not cease." (Genesis) (8)
34. 1 down. But not the part played by the concert-master's desk-mate. (6, 6)

DOWN

1. See 1 across
2. It takes a soft one to play 15. (5)
3. He helped to make Paderewski erratic. (5)
5. Well, it's not here! (3)
6. Broomsticks thus ridden on Hallowe'en? (3)
7. Echo choirs appear opposed to what's false. (9)
8. Change into a tea dress for it. (8)
9. Though 17 isn't, there's usually 17 shed in it. (5, 5)
14. Three o'clock? (6, 4)
15. Makes a difference whether the player goes before or after it. (5)
17. Red-blooded G. and S.? (9)
18. If the cap fits, wear it, Bishop! (5)
21. Where one might get "4 fool"? (3-5)
25. Song and dance of our time? (6)
27. Animal disease introduced by man. (5)
28. Was Handel's composed in a Florida key? (5)
30. Sounds like the ayes have it. (3)
31. Putting it to bed creates an uproar. (3)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Baron of beef
7. 15. Let well alone
10. Sculls
11. 14. The arm of the law
12. Fire sale
13. Tender
14. See 11
16. Dorothy
18. Estelle
20. Sponge
23. Malaga
25. Root beer
27. Railroad
28. De trop
29. Lea
30. Meaningless

DOWN

2. Arc lights
3. Oil well
4. Ossia
5. Butter
6. Exertions
8. Evoke
9. Fronto
15. See 7
17. Huguenots
19. Enable
21. Orbital
22. Bredon
24. Adage
26. Olden

(296)

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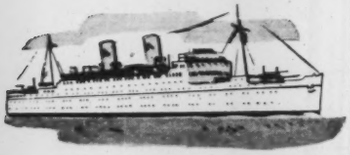

Letters

Morbid Interest

I AM SHOCKED at the callous curiosity of readers, who must get some kind of morbid satisfaction out of newspaper reports of all the monstrous births that occur or the papers would not continue to publish them. Some papers do a sort of daily health bulletin on such cases as the two-headed, four-armed child whose birth was reported recently. Surely such news items would be better left in a decent obscurity. The situation must be agonizing enough for the parents without the added burden of all the publicity.

Such a birth presents a serious moral problem too. What is the responsibility of the doctor in attendance? How far ahead can the probability of such a birth be determined? What is the legal position in regard to an abortion in such cases? Who decides? These are only some of the difficult questions to be answered, and, as in all grave moral problems, they are best answered by sane and considered thought unconfused by the clamor of those not intimately concerned.

Regina R. S. INGRAM

Lord's Day Act

SO THE Lord's Day Act is out of date is it? So we can re-write our Bibles too! Mine says some very plain things about Sabbath Observance. And it doesn't say anything about keeping the Day holy up until twelve o'clock noon either! My Bible must be a very old-fashioned translation!

"And religion is not made up of prohibitions either!" Quite true! But it does include self-discipline and a measure of self-control, to say nothing of respect for other people's feelings and traditions! But then not all Canadians are Christians, according to a newspaper letter the other day. So those of the country who claim to be such had better move on or out!

Toronto HERBERT S. COBB

THE EDITOR of "The Front Page" has in the issues of December 19 and 26 vented his wrath upon those who have supported the Lord's Day Act. In the first issue an attempt was made at an analogy which completely missed the mark and concluded with an attack upon Alvin McGrath. I have known Mr. McGrath for a long time, before he was ever associated with the Alliance, and he is in every way, a gentleman. In the issue of December 26, the writer as usual is completely wide of the mark . . . Apparently your editorial writer overlooks the fact that prior to the introduction of the Act it was common practice in some forms of employment to work seven days a week . . .

But it is also true that the Commandment says — "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy" which is a rule incumbent upon Jews, Catholics and Protestants—all who profess to believe in God. If your editorial writer does not, he would find many companions in Russia where they neither believe in God nor in any cessation from work either.

Toronto G. A. HARRAP

Chauvinists

HAVING READ the letters of Messrs. Prychick (Dec. 5) and Lough (Dec. 19) published in SATURDAY NIGHT, I am prompted to second heartily the proposal of the former. As for Mr. Lough, who accused Mr. Prychick of impertinence, he shows ignorant impertinence in his own reference to Mr. Prychick's name.

Why must chauvinists eternally voice ignorant, self-righteous protests, which remind one of the flag-waving tactics of the old Family Compact which took refuge in the pretence of loyalty to defer responsible government in Canada? . . .

(MISS) DIANE MACQUARRIE
Summerside, PEI

Auto Insurance

YOUR DECEMBER 19 issue carried a good article by Mr. William Sclater on automobile insurance. He commends, quite rightly, the recent introduction of a "Preferred Risk Rating Plan," but seems to be unaware of the fact that such a plan has been in actual operation in British Columbia for several years and on a much wider scale than he reports as having been newly instituted.

Not wishing to put in a plug for any company I can only say that one of the larger Canadian companies operating on a Dominion-wide scale will write a policy for a new client at standard rates in B.C. Previous record will not help the client, since such records do not always stand up on examination. But once he has been accepted he can begin to save himself some money on renewal by careful driving. First renewal he gets a 5 per cent cut, second renewal 10 per cent and third renewal 15 per cent . . .

These discounts are allowed all down the line, Public Liability, Property Damage, Collision, Passenger Hazard, Medical Expense, Fire and Theft, Comprehensive, or what have you. They apply to private cars, business cars or trucks; in fact to anything but motorcycles. . .

Vancouver A. W. SCOTT

The Third Programme

IN YOUR Front Page of Dec. 26 you report with a sort of malicious glee that 74.3 per cent of BBC listeners never listen to the Third Programme at all; and you explain (with such heavy satire) that "this melange of bird calls, professors and string quartets . . . wasn't put on for the stupid masses anyway, but for the intellectual elite."

The case against government monopoly in radio and television is a very strong one and will probably gain still more strength by process of reasonable discussion. But it won't gain anything by resorting to inverted virtuosity . . .

The Listener, published by the BBC every week, contains in article form numerous selections from what you call the "obscure, pretentious and pedantic" Third Programme. They are top grade material and the nearest equivalent to *The Listener* in Canada is SATURDAY NIGHT.

Montreal H. L. PRITCHARD

Religious Freedom

FREEDOM is a fine word and freedom of religion a noble concept to which I, theoretically at least, subscribe. But I can readily understand why the Province of Quebec takes such an intolerant attitude towards religious groups who proselytize in its streets. It is bad enough to be stopped at every corner by members of the Jehovah's Witnesses and to have their pamphlets thrust into one's letter box, but to have them come ringing the doorbell on Christmas morning in the middle of the Queen's broadcast, is an intolerable intrusion on the freedom of the individual. A few more experiences of this kind and all the persuasive eloquence of your editorials about freedom will not have any effect on this disgruntled reader.

ALBERT E. BURROWS
St. Thomas, Ont.

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WILLIAM A. WINTER, A.R.C.A., O.S.A. Born and trained in Winnipeg; twice winner of J. W. L. Forster Award. President Canadian Society of Painters in Water-colour, 1946-1948. Member of Ontario Society of Artists, and of the Canadian Group of Painters, he likes to paint "racetracks, circuses and...children."

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